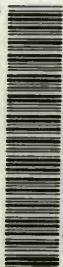


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# LETTERS

FROM

FRANCE AND ITALY.

BY

THE REV. P. POUNDEN.

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—To regions where, in spite of sin and woe,  
Traces of Eden are still found below,  
Where mountain, river, forest, field, and grove,  
Remind him of his Maker's power and love.

COWPER.

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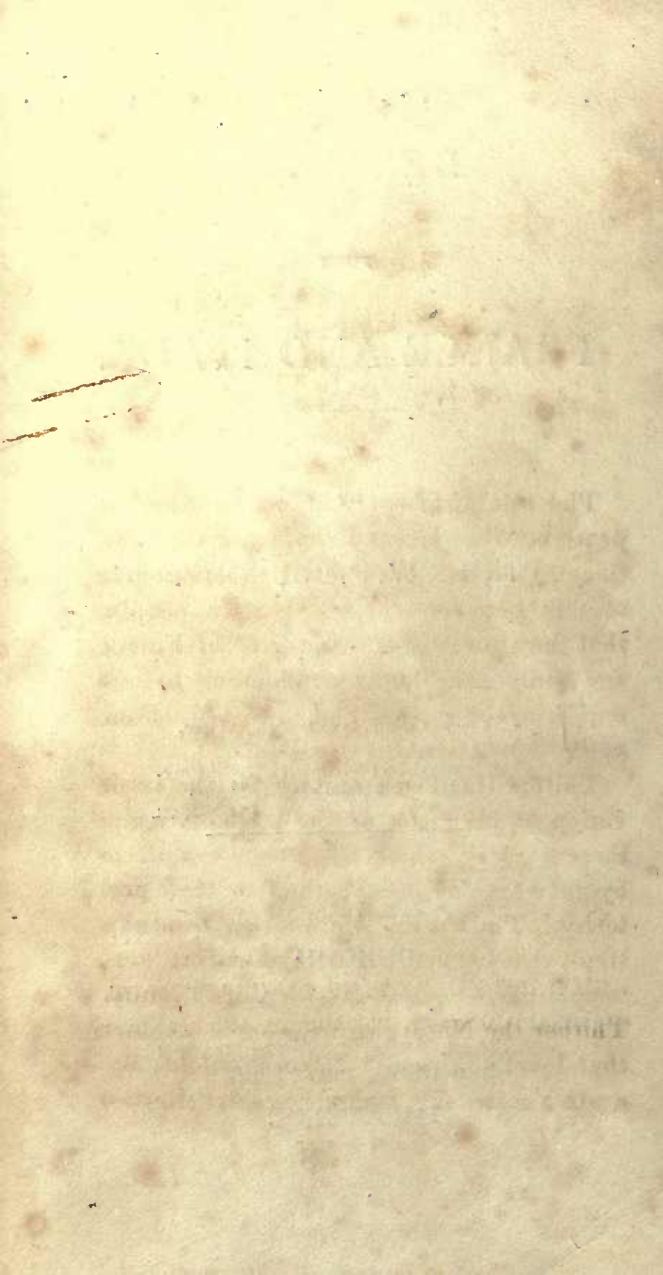
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M.DCCC.XXX.



## **PREFACE.**

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The establishment and continuance of peace between Great Britain and the Continental nations, has opened an intercourse so free between their respective people, that the customs and curiosities of France and Italy are almost as familiar to our minds, as the customs and curiosities of our native land.

Thither the Artist hastens for the cultivation of his taste, or the examination of those models, which the superior skill of by-gone ages has bequeathed to their posterity. Thither the Antiquarian bends his steps, that he may sit with admiring contemplation, beside the vestiges of antiquity. Thither the Naturalist wanders to explore that loveliness which Nature unfolds beneath a softer sky, and more genial climate.

Had the design of the following pages been merely to narrate the ordinary incidents of a journey, or to describe the objects which usually present themselves to the traveller's view, such an undertaking had been quite superfluous; by reason of the general information which prevails upon the subject, as well from personal narrative, as from the elaborate and superior publications which abound.

The reader will however perceive that mere narrative is not the primary object which the writer has in view ; although for the fidelity of the narrative, he can appeal to the testimony of those who, at the termination of the late war, trod along the same track, But in a day like this, in which fiction has been so often resorted to, as the medium for conveying religious and moral truth to the rising generation, the author has deemed it preferable to adopt as his ground-work, a *real* narrative, conceiving it to be the safer vehicle for combining the two-fold end—of at once amusing the mind, and infusing a love of sacred truth into the youthful breast.

## PRIVATE REMARKS,

&c. &c.

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### LETTER I.

Dieppe.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR parting request was so urgent, that it has imposed on me a weighty obligation, which I feel conscientiously bound to discharge. The mutual friendship that has so long subsisted between us, founded on a similarity of opinions and pursuits, removes any diffidence I might feel in giving the desired account of whatever I might find interesting in my present excursion to the Continent. And the same friendship which prompts me to comply with your wishes, shall induce you to pardon every deficiency in the attempt. But I know you prefer that these common-place introductions should be dispensed with; and although I feel that some excuses in my case, are not the offspring of affectation, yet I yield to what I know to be your own sentiments on the occasion; and shall now engage

## TRAVELS THROUGH FRANCE.

you as a fellow-traveller—if not in person, at least in your favourite vehicle of fancy.

As I shall communicate my more minute and domestic arrangements to the other dear relatives to whom I write, you may expect, for your own share, little else than what may coincide with your peculiar taste ; or, at least, afford you that satisfaction which springs from a sympathy in the personal feelings of your friend.

In the beginning of March I sailed from Brighton to Dieppe, and never before suffered so much from illness and apprehension. Having, in an open boat, gained the packet, which lay at a considerable distance from the shore, we seated ourselves around the cabin fire. *Madame*, one of the passengers returning to her native land, amused us not a little, by the favourable opinion she was bringing to her friends of our English customs and climate. A puff of wind enveloped us in smoke.—“ *Helas !*” she cried, “ your English fires choke one ; I have experienced nothing but head-ache from your English fogs and vapours.” She had better reason to find fault with our English winds and waves.—The packet heaved from side to side ; by another roll it leaned down so much on one side, that stools, passengers, *Madame* and all, were huddled together in a corner.

At length we retired to our births—and my illness was seconded by my apprehension ; all seemed to be in commotion, and I resigned myself to the care of a protecting Providence ; this allayed my fears ; yet, again, when I thought on my friends at home, I shuddered at the idea of overwhelming waves. Dawn, however, brightens the prospect—clouds and fears are dispelled, and the wind shifts in our favour.

On rising I discovered that my alarm was heightened by my inexperience in nautical matters ; for although, as usual, the weather was the prevailing topic among strangers, yet there was no intimation that any real danger had existed. Yet, as my gratitude should be no less sensible towards our supreme and merciful Protector, for preventing the approaching danger, than for averting it when it came, I failed not, on my arrival at Dieppe, to pour out my heart to him “ who layeth his beam on the great deep, and rideth upon the wings of the wind.” As my expectations were, in no small degree, excited to the hope of finding, at once, that superiority in France, by which *Madame* so proudly triumphed over poor England, I confess that the first view of Dieppe did not serve to gratify them. On approaching the harbour, we were assailed by a squalid, night-capped set of gentlemen, who

overwhelmed us at once with their tickets and their noise. We escaped the dangers of the sea, but had to encounter other storms; I followed, however, the least vociferous, who conducted me to the hotel de Rouen.

All now appeared new to me—as do the most familiar objects to the inquisitive child just beginning to exercise his senses; and, after London and Brighton, where the attention of the traveller is caught by so many brilliant objects, Dieppe could only offer the novelty of French habits, and a foreign tongue; these, however, were sufficient to employ the mind and senses. The antique chapeau—the rusty sword—the long queue—these distinguishing badges of the police officers, were quite agreeable to my expectations; and having carefully revised our passports, we were, by them, politely ushered into the land which has been styled, “the gay smiling world.” The first object which arrested my notice, was, the large wooden crucifix on which the image I presume, of Christ, is saluted by the mechanical devotion of the natives, as they pass. To the stranger, who, from the book of God, derives an unmutated decalogue—not smothering (as the unnatural mother did her child) one of its commandments—nor like her at the judgment-seat of Solomon, proposing to divide the other;

to such an one, the idolatrous exhibition is revolting to his very soul. True, the great event it represents, should never be effaced from the heart. The Saviour's cross is the sinner's hope ; but its legitimate memorial is his own sacrament, and its proper image must alone be *there*, where the true Christian can present to its author, the spiritual worship he exclusively demands.

Leaving the bustle of the market-place, we enter some of the principal streets ; the houses of which have a prison-like appearance, from the iron balconies which are affixed to the windows. There is, throughout, an air of decayed grandeur ; it wears the aspect, not of a place in that stage of imperfection which is to be found as it advances from the rudiments of civilization, but as of a town verging into actual caducity—it only deserves a passing regard. But I cannot forbear mentioning to you, the costume of the French *grisette*—one of the most striking curiosities of the place : The hair is tightened back, under a close-bound cap, which dwindles nearly to a pique, about a foot above the crown of the head ; the two lappets, which hang fluttering in every breeze, are just appendages of an airy people. Every colour may be seen in their garments ; red skirts and white aprons—green bodies and blue sleeves, with gilded crosses hung around the

neck. Many of the men wear ear-rings, and tramp along in the wooden shoes from which our William delivered the free-born sons of Britain.

But you will say, I carry the child's curiosity too far, when I take notice of the table d'Hôte. I must only hope gradually to grow out of it.—A multitude of small dishes furnish the table; soups and desert are indispensable—as also napkins and silver; wine instead of our malt beverage, and coffee on the removal of the cloth.

As the weather was very cold, I endeavoured to warm myself by the unseen heat of a cheerless stove. The members of the family were engaged at cards. Nor can I omit their parting salutation, when, with an affectionate *bon soir*, they all mutually kissed on either cheek.—This tenderness among the immediate relatives of the family, was to me a favourable presage of French sociability. I soon retired to my apartment, where all had the same appearance of faded lustre. However, I slept soundly; occasionally dreaming of the new figures which flitted across my imagination, just as they had a short time ago presented themselves to my senses. This letter may, perhaps, produce a similar effect on you; but I hope, at some future period, to find subjects better worth your attention, from the correspondence of

Yours, &c.

## LETTER II.

Rouen.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING taken my seat in the *Diligence*, for Rouen, I had once more occasion to remember *Madame*; when, instead of something more light and fashionable than our English stage, I mounted a crazy and bespattered old vehicle; drawn by five untrimmed little horses, tackled to with ropes, and mounted by postillions, in jack-boots; large enough for half a dozen legs together. Yet, our little horses were like their masters, possessing much vivacity, and galloping along, with this moving mountain behind them, as often as the driver cracked his whip, and echoed *vite, vite!*

The appearance of the country accords with what may be expected from the manners of the people. It is not divided as in England, by large hedge rows, but stretches out in great plains as far as the horizon. On either side of the road, fruit-trees are planted, which refresh the thirsty traveller in summer; and while we admire the cultivation of the soil, we look in vain for the cottage of the husbandman. The French, being a social people, assemble at even-

ing in their villages, to dispel the cares of a busy life, by that round of festive gaiety they delight in.

The numerous manufactories near Rouen indicate our approach to a considerable town; to which we arrive about five o'clock, and proceed to the hotel de l'Europe—the landlady, all politeness, in endeavouring to accommodate her dinner to my taste, taking much pains to explain the several articles of her long bill of fare. I was pleased with this trait in the French character, that, instead of ridiculing our mistakes, they put themselves to a great trial of patience, in giving us every assistance in their language.

Rouen is a gloomy-looking old place; however, the cathedral of Notre Dame is a magnificent gothic structure, built by our William the First; as also that of St. Omer, adorned with painted windows, which have a beautiful effect from within.

Ascending one of the towers of Notre Dame, an Englishman finds the peculiar effect from the smokeless chimnies of a French city. The eye can reach the farthest verge of the horizon; it surveys every object through a clear medium, takes in the whole town and country, and follows the Seine through many a winding. However great the advantage may be to a person

elevated above the houses, I confess, we feel it no sufficient compensation at this season, when within : our cheerful hearth must be numbered among the sacrifices which the traveller must make to the gratification of his curiosity. On the river is a bridge of boats, which rises and falls with the ebb and flow of the tide.

From mount St. Catherine another agreeable view may be enjoyed of the adjacent country—far more extensive than from the Cathedral ; for in this we enjoy, in addition to what we saw before, the fine prospect of the cathedrals themselves, rising above the other buildings of the town. At this place, the celebrated Joan d'Arc, the maid of Orleans, was burnt ; her statue is erected on the spot where the catastrophe took place ; near it is a gothic building, in which she was condemned : a small chapel, dedicated to her memory, is falling into ruins.

In the town is a public library, containing 20,000 volumes, besides several curious manuscripts ; many of which, can only be considered as monuments of that kind of idle industry, which tended to beguile the slowly-moving hours of the ancient monasteries. One was shewn to me in particular ; it was a copy of the Psalms, ornamented with paintings, and splendidly bound with silver mountings ; it is a singular

specimen, as much of monastic patience, as of skill. In the same building is a large collection of paintings, in two galleries, chiefly on scriptural subjects; and adjoining to it is a fine garden, laid out in the French style—the walks regularly shaped, and a basin of water in the centre.

Anxious to employ every legitimate method of acquiring the language of the country, I continued at the cathedral to the end of the sermon. The priest employed much gesture, and seemed to address his audience with all the animation of a Frenchman, and all the warmth of an extemporaneous orator.—When he mentioned the name of Christ, he suddenly took off the small conical hat he wore; which act of respect did not fail to produce a corresponding impression in the minds of his hearers;—and at times he extended his arms for some minutes together, while he poured forth a burst of impassioned devotion. The subject of the discourse was auricular confession—one, amongst others, well calculated to advance the cause of spiritual domination. He enlisted the imagination in his service, and drew many a touching picture of the penitent, unburdening the emotions of his heart to the director of his conscience. I thought I could discover, in the

application of his texts, something of the ingenuity displayed on one occasion by the celebrated Bourdaloue, who treating upon the subject of transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass, selected as his text the Saviour's words, "*Le zele de ma maison m'a devoré.*"

To Paris I must now direct my attention—At Rouen I found the society at the table d'hôte very agreeable, and should have remained longer, did not greater scenes invite me forward on my journey.—I have taken my place in the *velocifère*; the name would imply some very light and easy mode of conveyance, but it appears as incapable of meriting these terms as the *Diligence*. Adieu.

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### LETTER III.

Paris.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LITTLE worthy of notice occurred in my journey to Paris.—My fellow-travellers were as usual lively, and capable of relieving, by their conversation, the tediousness of the way. Though observation was sharpened by my curiosity, the flatness of the country, and its

want of variety, prevented all gratification by this means.—One fine prospect, however, engages attention—from a hill, not far from Rouen, whence, the distant mountains, clad with fir, and the unobscured town below are truly picturesque. The richness of the soil allows the tenants of it to dispense with these improvements in husbandry which are annually exhibited in England; the plough is still on wheels, and the other implements are perhaps on the same plan as was adopted some centuries before. The nature of our soil and climate awakens the energies and invention of the agriculturist, that he may produce the harvests of more favoured climes.

We arrive at Paris; and I feel desirous, at once to explore this celebrated city, that I may be enabled to give you some account of it.

This city abounds with public buildings of great magnificence; to some of which, allow me now to conduct you, in that vehicle of imagination which I formerly proposed for our journey.—Perhaps it is a more agreeable mode of conveyance than that to which we are doomed by the construction of the streets here.—I love walking; but the pedestrian runs the risk of a bespattered dress, if not of a broken bone, since he neither enjoys the flagways, as in London, or the cleanliness that should distinguish so great

a metropolis. A muddy stream flows in the centre of almost every street, and the drivers of the flying cabriolets, as they dash along, oblige us, in our own defence, to employ them.

The Thuilleries is the royal residence, and fit for any monarch ; there is nothing very classical in its architecture, yet has it an imposing air of regal magnificence.—Adjoining it, is the celebrated Louvre, extending along the quay of the same name, which gives it a very fine appearance. It was the ex-Emperor's intention, to have united the palace on the other wing to the new Louvre, by a corresponding range of buildings. The triumphal arch in the Place Carousel, when examined, must be admired, but it is lost amid the greatness of the surrounding objects ; on it were placed the Venetian horses, and I have met some Frenchmen, who, when we passed, looked up, lamenting their glory gone, when these—the palladium of their former greatness—were removed. Within the railing which separates the Palace from the Place Carousel, the National Guard and Lancers, all possessing a very martial aspect, perform their evolutions, and a fine band continually plays beneath the window of the king's apartment. I was anxious to see a monarch, whose variety of fortune has rendered him conspicuous.—He attends mass at twelve o'clock

and on the occasion of the Fete St. Louis, I joined a great concourse of people, who waited below to salute him, as he returned through the glass gallery.—Coming to the balcony, he separated from his suite, and came forth to the admiring crowd, who began to shout, *vive le Roi!* with the same earnestness and shew of loyalty, which a short time before they evinced when crying, *vive l'Empereur!* The corpulency of Louis XVIII rendered it inconvenient for him to bow, but he held forth his arms, and showed every demonstration of contentment with the zeal of his faithful people.—Madame la Duchesse shining in diamonds on this occasion, with Monsieur, and the Duc d'Angouleme, stood on the right; the Duke and Duchess de Berri on the left. The French are fond of wit; neither the dignity of others, or their own public and private misfortunes, can damp the ardour of their *esprit*. Napoleon affixed his initial, N, to almost every part of this building, and while they sigh, they say, “he might well fall, since he had *des n's mis (des ennemis) partout.*” Louis XVIII, from his penchant to a daily dish of oysters, is laughingly styled, (though I believe by those only who would devour the good man himself if they could) Louis *dix-huit* and *des huitres* too.

The gardens of the Thuilleries are always open to the public; they are in the French style, and adorned with numerous statues, and fine *jets d'eau*.—They exhibit, in general, a most lively scene, especially on a *fête*-day, when they are crowded with well-dressed folk, of all descriptions. A pleasant lounge they are for old age, or for the invalid, who beneath the shade of those lofty elms, may enjoy a chair and a newspaper for a couple of *sous*. So careful are the people, that, however slight may be the pailing, or attractive the flower, they never sustain any injury. From the terrace of these gardens, the range of buildings at either side of the Place Louis-Quinze, comprising the Garde-meuble, Admiralty, Chamber of Deputies, together with a grand prospect of the Champs élisées, terminated by a triumphal arch, presents a fine *coup d'œil*.

I shall conclude this letter, by giving you some imperfect idea of a walk through the Champs élisées on a fine evening; and you may hence collect the opinion of the French respecting these celebrated plains; which they endeavour to realize according to their own taste and disposition. In taking this evening ramble, our attention, beginning to fasten on one object, is instantly drawn off to another:—here the athletic games are played on

the level plain---there a group of children, dancing round a little boy and girl, in turn expect to know the mystical secret, and secure the kiss on either cheek---farther on, a Savoyard amuses the crowd, by playing on six instruments at a time; the guitar, the pandean, the drum suspended from behind, which he strikes with a drumstick fastened to his elbow, the triangle with the iron rod appended to his knee; the cymbals attached to his legs; while his head is crowned with a glittering set of Turkish bells---advancing further on, we passed the Salon de Mars, and as we passed it, the sounds of music, and a giddy whirl of festivity, marked it as the abode of worldly mirth---in all directions the “merry go round” wheels about, as a proper emblem of their incessant levity. A thousand other feats attest the light-heartedness, indeed, I might say, the thoughtlessness of this people; but it is time to close this medley of unconnected remarks, on a subject, in which I know you can receive little satisfaction; you hence, however, obtain a farther insight into the character and customs of this people: their festivals are the periods of still greater buffooneries, nor is the sabbath an exception. Happy our own land, in which this day of holy rest is regarded, by many of its inhabitants, as a spiritual delight, requiring not

the grosser gratification of sense to recommend it to the Christian. And though, alas! this French mode of observing it, is occasionally introduced into our own country, yet, it is nationally recognised and engrafted upon the laws of our unrivalled Constitution.

I should make an excuse for employing your time, and, perhaps, disappointing your expectations, by such lengthened accounts of puerile amusements: but until I glean richer materials, you cannot expect I should transmit them to you. When I do, they shall be your's, as heartily as

I am, &c.

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#### LETTER IV.

Paris.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I BEGAN my last by a promise to lead you through some of the public edifices of the city, but was diverted from my purpose by other topics.

The *Chambre des Deputes*, corresponding to our House of Commons, is a very elegant building, worthy the purpose for which it is intended:

you may conclude that I occasionally attended the meetings of its members. The interior, unlike our Parliament House, is finely constructed: Under the Speaker's seat, stands a marble rostrum, which the orator ascends when he delivers his sentiments. The other members in a uniform dress, habitually express (unless when some violent gust agitates the house) their assent, or negative, by rising and bowing, without employing any tumultuous mode of expression. All looks well so far; but all this cannot be considered as the true characteristic of a National Assembly. Politeness, in its place, is indispensable; but is no equivalent for a restriction of liberty.—Nay, on such occasions, it is, perhaps, better dispensed with, when the question is not the forms of etiquette, but the rights and interests of man.

The Fauxbourg St. Germain, is the quarter where the principal nobility reside, and possesses many fine buildings; among which the *Palais de la légion d'honneur*, is one of the most conspicuous. The private palaces, in the spirit of aristocracy, are concealed by large gateways, from the profane eyes of their more humble neighbours. The *Bibliothèque du Roi*, possesses an amazing collection of volumes: The building itself is only remarkable for its size and

plainness ; in the centre of which is a statue of Diana, in the attitude of running—grace and swiftness in her step. A pair of globes of great size, resting on the ground floor, rise to the second story through the ceiling ; rather remarkable for their height than their utility. Among the students here, were several ladies, pursuing the path of literature ; a circumstance which speaks highly of the respectful demeanour of the gentlemen in public places. The temples of literature, at least, should be always sacred to virtue ; but I acknowledge myself the advocate of a more domestic cultivation of literature by that sex, whose most graceful ornament, is a refined and modest improvement of the proper talents with which the wise Creator has endowed them. The library-room is ornamented with a bronze representation of Parnassus, on which are seated, the most celebrated authors—a model of the Egyptian pyramids—and a sitting figure of Voltaire, in bronze. Voltaire is exalted in various parts of the city, and, I fear, more eminently so in the hearts and principles of the inhabitants.—He is held in greater estimation by his countrymen, than the memory of Shakespeare is by ours. The collection on the shelves is truly interesting to a literary character ; where the most eager thirst of information may be more

than gratified : An humble friend to knowledge like myself, must look around, however, for some less laborious method of attaining it ;—life is too short to spend among the innumerable productions of centuries, and which would require centuries to peruse.—The objects of truly valuable research are but few, else a longer period would be allowed us for their attainment. Surely, the most important to a finite being such as man, is to know whence does he exist, and whither is he going ?—what should he do, and what value should he affix on objects that either vanish away in the wreck of time, and the revolutions of empires ; or which see himself vanish before them. These important objects of investigation, have limited the field of my enquiries ; and though this extensive repository of intellectual labour, for a moment, excited my former Bibliomania, yet, that very extent of it which, at first view, gave the stimulus, served, at length, to moderate it, on a calm and serious reflection.—I need not detain you by accounts of other collections, as those of Mazarine and St. Geneviève ; but the mention of the latter, leads me on to the Pantheon.

This very magnificent temple is seated on an eminence ; a range of Corinthian columns forms the portico, and the building is surmounted by

a large dome, supported upon pillars. The interior is all that could be expected from such an entrance;—the ceiling adorned with bass relief—the pavement, of marble finely arranged; and the extent of it gives the mind a sensation of grandeur, though the external sides are flat and unadorned. Yet, rather should we be pleased with what is worthy of admiration, than affect the critic by tracing out defects.

The church of Notre Dame is the most remarkable for its antiquity. The painted glass on its gothic windows, is very handsome, and a fine view of the city may be enjoyed from its towers. In the church of St. Roch, the position of the crucifix is peculiar. The light from the ceiling shines down upon it, and appears to emanate from the body; and the rugged scenery around, serves to heighten the effect. I have no taste for what may be termed the *ruse des prêtres*. Oh, how simple and spiritual the Christian temples were of old, when the apostle and evangelist unfolded the nature of that true temple in which God dwells bodily, even Christ Jesus; and in which God seeks, alone, the adoration of our souls. Where, then, were such vanities as these!

Allow me to prolong my letter, by inserting some account of the Jardin des Plantes. This I frequented whenever I had opportunity.—

Having walked through the garden, where the botanist may enjoy a rich repast of all kinds of herbs, plants and flowers; and where the gardener may take specimens of enclosures, pailings, &c. on which great ingenuity has been exerted, —we proceed to the menagerie, in which living creatures of almost all descriptions, may be seen, enjoying the open air, and as near the state of nature as the security of them will allow.—Here the elephant wields his huge proboscis; and there the bear clambers up the tree to display his awkward dexterity; rein-deer and camels graze upon the sod; but lions are confined in ample cells, and such other animals as might prove dangerous if indulged. Birds sport their brilliant plumage, and enjoy the fragrance around them; and in the large basins of the garden, aquatic fowl possess their native liberty.

The gallery of natural history in this place, is a prodigy of its kind. So fine an assemblage of the works of creation in the most distant climes, cannot, perhaps, be elsewhere found. Here are collected, the phenomena and natural productions of all the five zones together.—How truly wondrous are the works of that Omnipotent hand, which scatters abroad such varied effects of his power, and on the minutest particles of each is impressed, the stamp of heavenly wisdom.—

The creature, from its construction, you perceive, so admirably adapted to the climate prepared for its reception, and all calculated to promote the comforts and delight of the human species. In such a place as this, the mind is particularly exalted by ideas which can rarely be enjoyed but in such a place ; where, in a few hours, the eye can embrace all that the world presents to interest the traveller of foreign climes.

In the six chambers on the lower story are seen, petrefactions, chrystals, chalks, and various minerals : and in the upper apartments, animals of all sizes,—from the elephant and whale to the minute insect, scarcely showing itself on the pin's point on which it is placed. The birds, adorned with their natural plumage, are perched on boughs of trees ; while the rare collection of butterflies exhibits a most brilliant display of colours—such as cannot be adequately conceived but by one who has seen such a collection. Here the stranger, as well as the natural philosopher, will find an inexhaustible source of pleasure ; and he re-enters the gardens there to indulge the pleasing reflection which such a sight leaves upon the mind.

Adieu, &c.

## LETTER V.

Paris.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN the desolating torrent of revolutionary fury had at length passed by, which, in its course, had overthrown the most venerable monuments of this country,—the ruins of them were again collected by the diligence of some surviving men of worth, and placed in the present museum of French monuments. You may well conceive how interesting is this repository in which are to be seen, the tombs of so many monarchs, and of renowned characters of such distant times. Here the progress of architecture in successive ages—from the barbarous era of Clovis and Clotaire, to the more refined period of Louis the Fourteenth, may be distinctly traced. They are arranged in apartments according to their antiquity; and the rude recumbent figures of the early kings, are contrasted to the finished monuments of Francis the First, Louis the Twelfth, and Cardinal de Richelieu. Is it not interesting to recollect, that, if a day can thus overturn the works of ages, one individual has here restored what thousands were engaged to destroy? And the exertions of M. Lenoir, has

pushed back from his country, the disgrace of endeavouring to reduce itself to a worse than Vandal contempt of the fine arts. Adjoining to this is the celebrated Paraclete, or sepulchral Chapel of Abelard and Heloise. The poet and the architect have endeavoured to embalm their memories : but history tells a tale which differs from that which this monumental pile is intended to record ; and though posterity must admire the beauty of the shrine, it can never regard it as the hallowed memorial of departed worth. Whoever would retire from the busy crowd, and reflect on the serious concerns of life and immortality, let him proceed on to the beautiful funeral garden adjacent ; where, amid the cypress and the willow, are seen pillars, tombs and temples.

As I have now entered on this sombre subject, you will allow me to give you a glimpse of the catacombs of Paris, so much celebrated : We descended by the light of numerous torches, far beneath the surface of the earth. Wandering through many subterraneous passages, we at length arrive at the catacombs. We now proceed through a passage, on either side of which, a wall of human bones and skulls, regularly arranged, rises about six feet high. These conduct us to a column in the midst of a circular area, all formed of the same ghastly materials :

and on the top of this column stands a skull—which Lavater would have pronounced to have once been the tenement of genius, or on which our sublime and pensive Young would have gazed, wrapped up in solemn meditation, in order that he might catch the great ideas, with which itself, perhaps, had once been stored. Oh, what a lesson may be taught us here below, when behind these deep recesses repose the mortal remains of millions, against the day of judgment. But, alas! even here a daring atheism tries to affix, by inscriptions upon the walls, its noxious sentiments. Let the Christian meet, without dismay, his envious foe. He sees, by faith, a risen and glorified Redeemer. He leans with firmness on his gracious promise—and humbly, yet assuredly believes that, “Where Christ is, there shall he be also.” I leave this place with no anxiety to remain much longer, and soon regain the light of heaven.

You will now permit me to lead you to the celebrated asylum of sick and superannuated soldiers, the Hospital of Invalids—an institution worthy of the genius of Louis the Fourteenth; its gilded dome reflecting the rays of the sun, is a great ornament to the city. Here a comfortable retreat is provided for the aged warrior—the wounded infirm veteran: some engaged in

reading, others recounting their youthful adventures, and their brilliant campaigns; some cultivating a little garden—here a feeble invalid sustaining his more feeble comrade—there the blind leading the blind. The interior of the chapel, especially beneath the dome, is richly adorned with marble and with paintings; the floor is tessellated with great elegance; the mess-rooms of the officers are adorned with the frescoe paintings of Louis the Fourteenth's campaigns; and these of the soldiers, though less cleanly, are likewise painted with historical subjects.—In a word, they are comfortably lodged; and in the many sources of human recreation, they seem to be happy in enjoying a kind of vegetative existence. Numerous are the hospitals at Paris; and, as far as I could judge, all well attended, and on the most liberal and benevolent plan. But I shall here conclude my occasional remarks, and

Subscribe myself,

&c. &c.

## LETTER VI.

Paris.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have, no doubt, expected some account of the Louvre long before this; but as it is not, as yet, properly arranged, since the foreign powers have recovered from it, their stolen possessions, it was not till lately I could procure a passport for admission. But, truly, it should have been first described, if the order of my descriptions of this place was to be regulated by the magnificence of its monuments. The grand gallery of the Louvre is of great length; I believe 1200 feet, and has a very imposing effect on the first view of it. Notwithstanding the divestment it has sustained, much remains to be admired in the works of Guido, Vernet, Poussin, &c.; the roof is finely gilt, and the stairs composed of marble, corresponds in grandeur to the apartment to which it leads. The collection of statues has suffered much by the absence of the Italian chefd'œuvres, which once rendered it so celebrated; still, however, several interesting specimens remain; a colossal Minerva, which rested on the tomb of Adrian, and several others, that would give entertainment to a far more

fastidious taste than mine. It is the intention of its managers to supply the vacancies of the gallery with the paintings of Vernet and Rubens, which I saw in the Luxembourg. The poem of Rubens, as it is called, consists of twenty-one fine paintings, which give a connected history, with very poetical elucidations, of the life of Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry the Fourth.—It begins with his representation of the fates spinning her future destiny, and is finished with a portrait in full length of this royal personage, in the character of Bellona, surrounded with the appendages of War and Victory. The allegory is most ingeniously sustained throughout, both in the design and the execution, so that it forms a complete history of the period ; and with much pleasure, and much ease, we enjoy the bright effusions of a poet's genius, expressed to us in a language which at once gratifies the sense and the imagination.

Vernet's subjects are, chiefly, maritime views ; especially of harbours. In these he introduces several groups of figures, which give great character to his interesting pictures. In one, so great is the consternation, that you almost hear the winds blow, and the billows roll, and you are beginning to anticipate the approaching shipwreck ; and in another we are diverted by

the Venetian gondolas—by the strange rencontres of the sister poissardes—by the wealthy merchant surveying his stores—and by the groups of fashionables walking upon the beach. There is, indeed, much of real life in all his performances. M. David is one of the most celebrated artists of the day ; there is great character in his subjects, which are chiefly classical, but all savouring of a republican spirit. The Luxembourg, where these paintings were exhibited, formerly belonged to the ancient family of that name, but is now the House of Peers ; the gardens, as well as itself, are quite in the French style ; and being in a retired part of the city, they afford an agreeable promenade. It would be quite troublesome to enter into a detail of the numerous other places of celebrity in the city : as it is the seat of literature, there are suitable buildings for each department of science.

Having now viewed the principal objects of interest in the city, I take you with me on a visit to Versailles and St. Cloud.—You love to breathe in, the fragrance of the country breeze. The former is about three leagues distant, and a palace suitable to the proudest monarch upon earth : the front of the building being low, and of brick, rather disappoints us at first view ; but on the other side, in front of the gardens, we

were amazed with the extent and magnificence of the whole; the apartments are not furnished, but sumptuously ornamented with paintings, by Lebrun. Mirrors reflect the gardens upon their surface; and the great saloon, upwards of two hundred feet in length, again represents the exploits of Louis the Fourteenth; and alone wants furniture to render it quite superb. The French taste prevails in the formal arrangements of the ground; but on the whole is, perhaps, more suitable to a residence in which display is studied rather than convenience.

At some distance are two smaller palaces, called Trianon; where the kings were wont to retire from the distressing ceremonies of a court—these are elegantly furnished. The gardens in the smaller residence, are on the English plan; a studied, though pleasing imitation of nature. Here I enjoyed a truly delightful walk, amid its verdant plantations and interesting lakes and cottages.

At Versailles are, of course, a fine library, theatre, and all the appendages to a royal habitation. St. Cloud is not so grand, but the situation pleases me more; it is seated on a hill, whence you have a fine view of Paris, and the intermediate country. Here I wandered alone, viewing, with peculiar delight, the first dawn of

Spring breaking forth upon the budding trees ; its approach was welcomed by the chaunting of the birds, and by the fragrance of the violet ; while the more genial warmth of the sun invited me on to other scenes, and more distant lands : I felt summoned to depart, and from this moment looked forward to Italy. I may, perhaps, again address you from this place, as I prefer to remain till the season is further advanced. In the mean time, allow me to

Assure you,

&c. &c.

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## LETTER VII.

Paris, April 17th, 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS this is the last time you shall hear from me from Paris, I shall send you a few detached remarks on the people, and also on some other places which I have not as yet mentioned.

Among the manufactories, that of tapestry is quite novel to an Englishman ; at least it was so to me. Paintings are copied in the most accurate manner in woven worsteds ; each artist is employed according to his skill, and advance-

ment in the art ; some engaged in the drapery—others on the more delicate parts of the features of a portrait ; the picture is placed behind their backs. The colours and effect of the work when wrought, are very elegant ; yet, as they so quickly fade by exposure to the air, it seems rather a misapplication of industry and talent, to bestow so much on such short-lived beauties.

In the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, are models of the most improved machinery. The machine of Marli, which supplies St. Cloud, is constructed in miniature, and innumerable others, from which the mechanic may derive great satisfaction.

Several of Napoleon's monuments still carry down his name to after ages. A brazen column stands in the Place Vendome, on the same plan as that of Trajan ; a spiral wreath of bass relief, representing the acts of his extraordinary reign, wind up to the summit on which his statue once stood ; but now, like the original, has from its lofty elevation been brought low.

On the site of the Bastile, he commenced a triumphal fountain, which remains unfinished.—The Bastile presents not even the ruins of what it had been ; the very stones have been dispersed, that none should remain to record a spot on which cruelty and uncontrolled tyranny

so long triumphed and trampled on the rights and liberties of man : and thus, while on this spot the tyrant may read the awful sentence on his crimes ; the usurper also, may behold a sad monument of his folly.

I shall not attempt to give you any lengthened delineation of the French character, it is one so universally known throughout Europe. An Englishman at once sees the wide difference between that of his countrymen and their's. In London the bustle and agitation of trade and business prevail—at Paris every thought is diverted from schemes of interest and deep speculation, to scenes of festivity, and a magic round of pleasure. Not confined to the usual sources of entertainment which the town affords, they take peculiar delight in the *fete champetre*, which they enjoy at Versailles, St. Cloud, &c. as often as their religion or their loyalty afford the opportunity ; and at such seasons, the roads are thronged with innumerable vehicles—especially waggons, which seem to transport the city altogether into the country. It is impossible to describe the various expedients employed to catch the money, and the attention of the people on such occasions. All species of buffoonery is practised, and the sympathizing French seem amused at all. They carry their love of plea-

sure beyond all bounds ; and in seeking to live in its constant enjoyment, seem to forget the true end of living. It appears with them to be as a drapery thrown over their want of independence ; and poverty, which, in other places, sheds a cloud upon the brow, seems here to produce, if a light purse, a heart equally disburdened of care.

The French merchants, I found, always to demand a higher price for their goods, than they afterwards take ; the subsequent abatement, however, does not argue so much a want of honesty, as the prevalence of an improper custom ; and I partly believe it is sometimes adopted to give the polite president at the counter, an opportunity of saying many interesting nothings, which the occasion allows them to introduce. At such times, if you are about to give at once what they demand, perhaps they will correct your mistake, by a *Monsieur il 'ne faut pas payer en Anglois*.

Happy would I feel here to stop my remarks on French manners. Charity would, if possible, cast its mantle upon their blemishes, and cover the multitude of their sins ; but then charity rejoices in the truth, and must warn the unwary ; lest while the inexperienced traveller thinks all is safety, he falls at once into sudden destruc-

tion. Paris is the seat of gilded Vice—she spreads her wings far and wide ; but she holds her court in the Palais Royal. There, divesting herself of her real deformity, to carry on her baneful purposes, she assumes the mask of sense-alluring magnificence ! Hither her votaries crowd together. They find her in the Café, with its reflecting mirrors—they sit with her in the theatres ; but they seem to worship her at the licensed gaming-rooms. Nor is this all : She here carries on a siege against religion, and tries to trample on the Cross ; not by an open assault, but by a sapping—an undermining influence.—Chasing away its gravity with an unceasing smile, and pointing against its force, the shafts of ridicule.

Let the stranger remember, that here he must, especially, “fight the good fight of faith.” And should he visit the metropolis of France, he has to contend against the prevalence of custom—the contagion of example—the effects of false and superficial appearances. In all of which, religion is counteracted by reason unsanctified ; its sobriety discountenanced by a plausible sophistry—and all the sacredness of its spirit set at nought by that faculty peculiar to the Frenchman, which is called — the *gaieté de cœur*.

I am now about to take leave of this city, and shall shape my course towards Switzerland, on my way to Italy. The usual hurry of departure, obliges me to curtail my letter, and to

Assure you,

&c. &c.

## LETTER VIII.

Geneva.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BEING seated in the Diligence, I found myself in company with seven persons ; two of whom were ladies, for whom the best seats were, of course, reserved. They beguiled the tediousness of the way, by as familiar converse as though all had been old acquaintances. The flatness of the country, and the dreariness of the season, affording no variety from without, my fellow-travellers intent upon pursuing it, resolved to open from within, the sources of their own enjoyment. Now was sung a glee, in which all who could contribute to its harmony, joined in unison. Again would they alternate some lively repartees, and substitute for the game of shuffle, the reciprocal *bon-mot*. The band-box of the ladies was converted into a card-table ; from the most trivial incident they extracted attic salt, and seemed only to be grave when discussing the festivities of Paris. The costume of a stranger served as an excuse, or rather obtained for me the privilege of acting as a mere spectator.

Joigny and Auxerre are considerable towns, seated on the Yonne ; possessing some fine old Ca-

thedrals. From La Chaleur to Dijon the prospect is varied and picturesque ; the peasantry were employed in preparing the earth for the vines, and in affixing to their roots, the small stakes, around which they trail in the season of vegetation. We enter Dijon by a triumphal gate, on which is a chariot of victory, in honour of the reigning family.

Dijon is seated in an extensive plain, and is well fortified. The tall steeples of its Cathedrals present a fine appearance at a distance. The town is cleanly—the streets, especially the Rue de Condé, very regular. Here the Dukes of Burgundy formerly resided ; and in their old palace is a fine museum—very considerable, indeed, for a provincial town ; in this are still preserved, some monuments of the Burgogne family.

In the hospital I observed that divine service is publicly performed in the great apartment in which the sick in their beds, are ranged on either side. Dark drawn curtains separate them from the congregation, so that in expecting to benefit by the prayers, they no less expect the benefit which flows from the sympathy, as well as the contributions of the worshippers.

Near this town is a very interesting park, in which the inhabitants take their daily prome-

nade. To it I repaired to behold and welcome the coming Spring. And again was I summoned by its advancement, to proceed towards the Alpine heights, which stretched out along the eastern horizon. All was grateful and refreshing; and in playful emulation, I have admired the little children, while beneath the trees they gathered violets,—filling their little kerchiefs with the vernal treasure, and then running to the river side, they sat upon its banks, to bind them up in fragrant clusters. The walls of the town, also, enclose some fine walks, and gardens laid out with peculiar taste. Much tranquility prevails here, and to me it seemed to be a place calculated to suit, as an abode, a person of retired habits.

Resuming my seat in the Diligence, I proceed through Dole and Genlis, the residence of the literary lady of that name. The situation of Dole is remarkably beautiful; inhabited, I understand, by a highly respectable people. Leaving this, the country seems rich and smiling; but the peasantry present a contrasted wretchedness; without shoes or stockings—a large straw-hat, the chief article of dress, secures them alike from the rains of winter, as well as from the rays of the summer sun. At length, reaching Poligny, we begin to engage with the diffi-

culties of Mount Jura. I had no objection to travel at night over this part of the route, as our delay would not have been repaid by much variety in the external prospects. But from St. Laurens, to which I arrived early next morn, all begins to assume a more formidable aspect.

Morez is surrounded with mountains six or seven hundred feet in height, almost perpendicular; it is seated on a rapid stream, which unites with another a short space below. Proceeding on foot while the carriage was preparing, I enjoyed, from the height of the hill over which the road ran, a very sublime prospect.—On the one side the town, amid its stony mountains, on the other, hills and vales clad with tall pine trees; the river swelling in the midst by many tributary streams, which fall from the summits in fine cascades. There is something exhilarating in all this. One feels emancipated from the confinement of towns and houses; the heart swells with joy and gratitude—and in a free and full tone of humble triumph, it constrained us to pour forth a tribute of thanks to the Author of so much good, the conductor of our paths, and the giver of such a privilege as this, of seeing his works and wonders in a foreign land. We advance still higher, and now a different prospect presented itself; all these mountain-beauties

were shrouded beneath a sheet of snow—save where the top of the lofty pine defied its influence, and shook from its verdant summit, the overwhelming whiteness. We here changed the carriage for a sledge; the snow was very deep; in some places between twenty and thirty feet above the level of the road: it prevails in these mountains, generally, nine months in the year. Leaving this, we behold forests covering the hills, as far as the eye could reach; and at length the lake of Geneva, with the distant Alps, breaks in upon the view. From such a height, how truly magnificent is this prospect! The Alps, lost amid the clouds thrown up in confused grandeur, are contrasted with the placid lake which is blue with the shade of impending mountains.

We descend by a road which was carried through the sinuosities of the hills. We leave the *traîneau*, and, proceeding through a rich and cultivated plain at evening, reach the city of Geneva.

Your sincere Friend.

## LETTER IX.

Geneva.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GENEVA lies on that part of the lake where the Rhone makes its exit. The waters of its river are clear as crystal, having deposited in the lake, the alluvial matter which it brings from the mountains. It forms a small island, on which one part of the town stands; the rest, built upon a bold eminence, overhangs the lake, and is well fortified in all directions. The principal buildings are on the height; the Hotel de Ville, the Church of St. Peter, and the habitations of the wealthy citizens. The hospital amply provides for the humane purposes to which it is devoted; both comfort and cleanliness conspicuous throughout. To St. Peter's Church is a fine architectural portico, on the model of the Pantheon at Rome; but the best ornament is the decorum, and, I should hope, the doctrines of its congregations and ministers. Here all is modest—all looks like a temple for spiritual worship; in which, though neatness is united with classic taste, the senses are not distracted by ostentatious decorations, from the great business on which they should be engaged.

The chief places of recreation for the inhabitants of this town, are the public walks on its ramparts, which are shaded with trees, and from which may be enjoyed the most bold and beautiful prospects. From the Place Maurice, besides the more sublime objects which the lake, and its overhanging ranges of mountains present, the eye is cheered by the numerous and beautiful villas which are thickly strewn along the plain. The Place de la Comedie seems, however, the favourite of the natives. The residences of the wealthy are ranged along it, and at evening it is crowded with the citizens, who come to enjoy the freshness and recreation of a promenade. They come not to pursue pleasure in all her Proteus varieties, as their giddy neighbours; but they come to enjoy the beauty of these prospects, which a beneficent and Almighty hand has spread around them; and while his works are contemplated, they catch, as I am told, from the sublimity of such a scene, at once, the impressions of pious awe, and the desire of native freedom.

The iron chain of despotism, rivetted by Atheistical delusion, has but just been broken; its memorial has not yet been quite effaced.—Amid a range of trees, belowt his walk, is a pillar erected to the memory of Rousseau—à *Jean*

*Jacques Rousseau le peuple Genevois*, 18 Decembre, 1793. But it is a spot unanimously forsaken. It associates recollections which none, by viewing it, desire to revive. And this people have been taught by bitter experience, that the man who is a foe to Christianity, can never be accounted his country's friend.

At a small distance from Geneva is Fernet, the residence of Voltaire; the country in which it lies is very charming, and the prospect of the mountains, as seen from his chateau, is calculated to inspire the most sublime sensations.—Here we see the chamber of Voltaire; but where is its inhabitant? tenanted the dust, and waiting for the judgment. A tomb, surmounted by an urn, was intended as the repository of that heart, which once only beat in hostility to his maker: but I must restrain the sentiments which insulted majesty—which, a poisoned land—which, the trampled cross, might arouse within me. Upon the sepulchre are inscribed these words, “*Mes manes sont consolés puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous.*” Affecting the language of heathenism, he forsook the solid hopes and promises of the gospel, for airy and imaginary expectations. In this chamber too, are portraits of his friends and admirers; Frederick of Prussia, and the Empress Catherine, are assigned a

place ; Franklin's is distinguished by a quotation written by his own hand, "*Nulla flebilior quam te Virgili.*" A sad disquietude pervades a Christian's mind in such a place, and he leaves the abode of perverted genius, attributing to divine grace the possession of his own, less ambitious, yet more exalted hopes.

There are some interesting walks in the neighbourhood of Geneva. There is one, along the Rhone, to where it joins the Arve, and another by the lake, among the beautiful villas on its banks. The water of the river is conveyed to the upper parts of the town by the force of an hydraulic machine ; for this people are most ingenious in their application of science to the necessary or elegant conveniences of life.

The principal wealth of the people consists in their very extraordinary skill in the fabrication of watches, musical seals, &c. A tradesman, respectable elsewhere, is here doubly so ; for in this little republic he is a principal support of its independence. Persons of both sexes are engaged in these mechanical works ; the more difficult parts are assigned to the men—the more delicate to the women. They are engaged, some in arranging the machinery, others in painting the dials, and the result of such nice manufacture raises the admiration of the stran-

ger, when he hears the watch or the snuff-box, with the most delicate harmony, perform all the notes and cadences of some favourite air.

The inhahitants of Geneva rise early, and the proper season of rest is not disturbed by the attractions of the theatre, or midnight amusements. Their amusements consist in the uninterrupted enjoyment of a regular and virtuous life. They form societies together, and the friendly intercourse between both sexes is rarely interrupted by those seductive arts which prevail in an abandoned age. Freedom is founded on its proper basis—submission to God, and obedience to his commands; and wherever these are spontaneous, there, we find that, man rises superior to the irregularities of the unregenerate heart.

As Geneva lies environed by the Italians, Germans, and French, a great variety of languages may be often heard at the same public table. The airy flippancy of the French contrasts with the grave hoarseness of the German, and the softness of the Italian accent with the force of our northern dialect.

My letter is rather long; but I could gladly continue to speak of a people, whom I begin highly to respect.—You must, however, excuse

such a minute account ; but remember, that we are in part related to them, by the ties of liberty and religion. Adieu.

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## LETTER X.

Chamberry.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I concluded my last, I was about to depart from Geneva ; but a friend who had invited me to visit him at Lausanne, induced me to repair thither. The country through which I passed, on my way to it, is the most beautiful you can imagine ; not only the lakes, and the fine outlines of the mountains, enriched the scene, but numerous villages and country seats give additional variety to its prospects. At Nyon, I entered into conversation with an elderly man, who proved to be a true-born Swiss ; his remarks respecting the French invasion, and their attempts to corrupt the sacred source of national virtue—the gleam of happiness, which kindled on his countenance, as he recorded the purity and morality which characterized the past, and which he now anticipated as ready to adorn the future annals of his country, were all

stamped with the impress of true patriotism : “ If happiness,” he cried, “ dwells on earth, it is in a country such as this ; where the blessings of God are gratefully acknowledged by man, and where the glory of our constitution is upheld by the individual purity of its inhabitants.”

The other towns along the lake are prettily ornamented in the exterior, and industry seems busy in each.

Lausanne is seated on an eminence, at some distance from the lake ; a fine Cathedral on the highest part of it, marks it out for some miles e’re we arrive. The Alps assume a much bolder and more grand appearance here, than at Geneva. On the opposite side of the lake, a vast opening in the mountains makes way for the Rhone as it winds along ; they seem, by receding from its channel, to press upon those behind ; for these tower to the skies in confused magnificence. The Rhone at length forces its progress, and falls into the lake ; while in the distance of the valley which it forms, we discern Mount St. Bernard, with its snowy summit rising superior to the enormous heights with which it is surrounded.

Lausanne was the residence of Gibbon the historian. I visited his abode, and truly it surprised me, that in such a place, where creation

so loudly spoke the majesty of God—where a bounteous hand so profusely poured out its blessings—where his own intelligence was a further proof of the Divine power—that here the Revelation should be dishonoured ; and while the abominations of the heathen, and the impositions of the Mahomedan are spoken of with respect, the mercies of God, in Christ Jesus, are studiously set at nought, by a wanton ingenuity. Let youth, especially, beware of writers such as this. They may be led on by the love of learning, only to fall into the syren snares of infidelity. They may begin by admiring the style, and end by embracing the sentiment ; plausibility will pass for proof, and sophistry be substituted for the deductions of reason : truth, though unadorned, is eternal—falsehood, though robed in her finest drapery, shall crumble into dust.

As we returned towards Geneva, we found that the Savoyards had crossed the lake in boats, to attend the fairs in the towns through which we passed. We stopped to see the residences of Joseph Bonaparte, and of Madame De Staël.—The former is said to have enjoyed more happiness here than in the palace of Madrid ; the latter well known lady was then in Florence, and possesses a fine chateau at Copet. One would almost say, that the emanations of this

beauteous lake were impregnated with somewhat of an antichristian influence ; so many who have inhaled its air, have imbibed the poison.

Immediately on my return to Geneva, I took my departure for Italy ; and by reason of the snow which obstructed the passage by Mount Simplon, I altered my course, and intend to cross Mount Cenis. Leaving the very limited territory of Geneva, we enter into that of Savoy.

The Vetturino travels slowly ; this enabled us to see the country, and to acquire the language. The expence is moderate, and you are spared the inconvenience of pecuniary arrangements at the numerous inns along the road.

We proceed through a fine vine-clad country—through very simple villages, and an apparently kind people. One instance especially of their hospitable character, I experienced at Mionas : The carriage towards evening, was slowly ascending a hill—a respectable fellow-traveller called at the cottage of an elderly widow, who, with her children, dwelt in this sequestered retreat. They recognized each other as friends, and she invited all our party in, refreshed us with her choicest fare, and though evidently poor, refused every offer of pecuniary recompence ; a rare feature in the character of those with whom hitherto I have sojourned.

At Aix are very salubrious warm baths ; in great esteem among the ancients, as the remains of their structures sufficiently attest.-- Many parts of this town have a volcanic appearance ; and beneath the house and garden of M. Perriet, a physician, are the ruins of several buildings, which seem to have been destroyed when eruptions took place. M. P. showed me several fine antiques, which he rescued from the rubbish ; and frequently proposed to Government to undertake the expence of searching for other vestiges of ancient times. The country around, is a fine field for the botanist and natural philosopher. Another gentleman in this place, M. Perret, is about to publish a botanical classification of the indigenous plants of Piedemont and Savoy ; of which I saw in his possession, a very large number. Hence we pass through a country of vines, where they trail them up on bowers and arched walks ; well calculated at once to gratify the gleaner's palate, and to afford a shade from the oppressive heat of the ripening sun. We soon reach Chamberry, where I am disposed to rest ; and shall conclude at present, with the

Best wishes, &c.

## LETTER XI.

Suza, on the borders of Italy.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

CHAMBERRY is an uninteresting place, and appears to great disadvantage, in comparison to those towns I have lately visited. After a fruitless walk to see if it contained any object worthy of notice, I fell into conversation with a French officer, who served under Napoleon in his Russian campaign. This gentleman confirmed the account which Lebaume has given of its extraordinary and disastrous termination. Leaving Chamberry, we commence our route through the mountains; and again I am interested by every circumstance, however trivial, which can vary the monotony of slow travelling, amid wild and misshapen hills. Keeping along the banks of the Isere, we reach Mount Melian, the aspect of which is highly romantic; and the peasantry apparently a happy and contented race. Nor can I forget the whimsical appearance of the peasant boys of this place, hidden beneath their broad-leaved hats, with the hair collected, like the formality of years, into a lengthened queue. La Chambre is a solitary inn, situated in an amphitheatre of mountains, productive of

walnuts—which also grow in great abundance along our route. Here did I rise betimes to hear the nightingales; and at break of day did I enjoy a most full concert of these melodious warblers—the richness of whose tones served to raise up my heart to a very soothing train of thought; whilst at such an hour, and in such a place, I meditated on the love and majesty of the great Author of the wonders with which I was surrounded.

The road we now pass, was constructed by the order of the Ex-Emperor; and its every part displays both enterprise and genius. It either passes at a distance from the side of the hills, where the falling of rocks might be fatal to the traveller, or else hangs upon the edge of the precipice; yet is rendered perfectly safe by the walls and posts along its side. The mountaineers are a simple and industrious race; snatching from the hands of a seemingly adverse Nature, the scanty gifts on which they subsist. Every spot capable of cultivation is adequately prized; and even on the utmost heights of their native mountains, you can see the green patches occupied by their cattle, and the sheds which are provided for their shelter. These poor people are afflicted with a large swelling protuberance beneath the throat; which, though to our eyes

presenting an unpleasing appearance, yet by them is considered, (I am informed) as a mark of providential favour. Indeed, most kindly has the Providence of God blended the wants of man with his own mercies; and where he seems to afflict, in reality loves. To man it seems to be intimated, that in such a place he is an intruder upon the retirement of Nature. She seems to look for solitude in her munition of lofty mountains: And man seems forbidden to plant his foot-steps here, much less to fix in it his abode.—Her ordinary favours are withdrawn, and what she gives are scattered with a sparing hand. The waters which are drank, are said to be productive of the goitre just described. The food which is consumed, is hardly gathered from the rocks: and even the sun dispenses his brightness on their dials with but a transient smile.—Still the hardy peasant knows not the ills with which luxury writhes upon its bed of down: frugality and labour are the parents of health and cheerfulness;—nor does intemperance, by obliterating the reason, reduce him to the level of the brute. Commerce, too, steps in to relieve the necessities of this interesting people; and in her progress to other lands, drops some blessings here. Hence we can trace from the

palliative hand of a Being, good to all his creatures—an unexpected plenty amid scenes which look so inhospitably rude.

From Lanslebourg we employed an additional number of animals—mules and oxen—to ascend the Mount Cenis. The road is, by no means, difficult of ascent, being a succession of inclined planes; along its sides are lofty posts, on which the graduations show the depth of the snow which rests upon it: it is, at times, so deep as to bury the unwary traveller, when surprized by such dense fogs, as to prevent him tracing out his way; these inconveniencies, however, are greatly diminished by the projection of this admirable pass. Houses of refuge are numerous placed along the road, in which a mountaineer is lodged with stores of provision; but the crosses erected on those spots where unhappy sufferers have been buried, prove the danger which sometimes baffles all precaution.

On the pinnacle of this dreary mountain is situated, a large hospice, in which about fifty of the clergy reside, who have retired from the haunts of men, to enjoy the pure satisfaction of affording relief to such travellers as stand in need of their philanthropic humanity. I am told that they traverse the snows with their faithful dogs,

that experience has made known to them the places of greatest danger, and by certain marks can ascertain the spots where it is probable a human being may have been overwhelmed by the snow. With long poles they sound the place, and having ascertained the truth of their conjecture, the dogs are set to remove the heaps of snow—to penetrate into its cold womb, and drag out the almost smothered traveller. He is borne to their hospice—the vital spark is re-kindled ; and even when restored to himself, he is not suffered to retire till every apprehension of danger is removed ; they receive no recompence but his prayers and his gratitude.—As I passed I gave them mine ; but would not allow them to misplace their liberality, as I was not obliged to claim its exercise.

The height being attained, our mules and oxen are dismissed ; and here the cold was intense. But the descent was particularly reviving ; a grateful transition is felt at once from the severity of winter to the genial warmth of spring. We left the fogs to rest upon their native hills ; and gradually advancing into a milder atmosphere, and a more verdant climate, we find ourselves, on entering the small town Suza, upon the very threshold of the far-famed Italy. My

next shall give you whatever views I receive of this land of genius and antiquity. At present I must conclude with repeated assurances of the unalterable

Affection of

&c. &c.

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## LETTER XII.

Milan.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SEVERAL circumstances reminded me that I was now treading on classic ground. At Suza is the vestage of an arch of triumph, erected by the original inhabitants, in honour of Augustus; which as it was the first ancient monument of this kind I had seen, excited greatly my attention. On the almost effaced inscription, we can trace the name of him for whom it was erected. After our repast, (in which I was joined by some members of a Scotch family, whose carriage accompanied our's in our passage over the mountains;) we were pleasingly surprised by the entrance of a party of itinerant musicians, who, with consummate skill, performed the most engaging airs.

Having left this place, we begin to perceive some of the unhappy effects of the perversion of Christianity which prevails in this country. At Ruchanzi, on a lofty eminence, is a place of worship; the ascent is made with great difficulty, and along it are erected small stations, in which pictures are exposed to the veneration of the

worshippers. So rigid are the penitentiary exercises, that, in the severe season (as I am informed) some have fallen victims to such unreasonable imposition. Nor could we fail to notice, in such a lovely country as we were now traversing, the wretchedness of the human habitations, which seem so strangely at variance with the natural beauties profusely thrown around. Soon do we enter upon a fine road, shaded by lofty elms; and having passed by Vayes, where are some pillars strewn upon the earth—and Rivoli, where, on an eminence, stands a royal palace, we enter the king of Sardinia's capital—the city of Turin.

Turin is a most regular, and apparently magnificent metropolis. We enter at once into lofty buildings; no suburban huts deforming the grandeur intended to arrest our notice. The Strada del Po, adorned with porticos on either side, and in which are the royal palaces, give on a superficial view, a favourable opinion of the wealth of the inhabitants: but as far as I can learn, all this ostentation is rather the effect of vanity than of opulence; and behind these splendid façades, are the refuges of want and misery. The retailers of the commonest necessities of life, sitting beneath these fine arcades, endeavour to earn the daily pittance with which

they support their families, who are lodged in the back settlements of these showy palaces.

The present monarch is esteemed a weak and superstitious prince. He seems to think that the unceasing exercise of ritual observance, will atone to his Maker for a disregard of the important duties connected with the station in which Providence has placed him; and that the maintenance of a numerous and indolent race of priests, is more meritorious than a paternal attention to the comforts of these poor subjects, who seem languishing through some fatal neglect. I had an opportunity of witnessing some truly affecting instances of poverty; and earnestly hoped that the period should soon arrive, when the adoption of a Christian principle more pure, may diffuse its blessing from the monarch to the meanest of his subjects. The royal palace is of great extent, but the interior, though adorned with a profusion of gilding, has that tawdry appearance, which, without the reality, pretends to the semblance of substantial grandeur.

There is some attention paid to the fine arts in this city; the works in ivory particularly, are carried to great perfection. There is a fine museum of natural history; some of the antiques carried off by the French, have been lately restored; and numerous specimens of domestic utensils, made

use of by the Romans, give a clear insight into this part of ancient economy.

On a very lofty eminence, at a small distance from this city, is the mausoleum of the Sardinian kings. The church is built of marble, and its lofty dome is conspicuous for many a league. Ascending by the pathway, the botanist has a good field for research ; and on arriving at the Superga itself, we stop to take in, the extensive view of the Alpine heights, which we had so lately left—of this city of palaces, lying in the plain below—and of the river Po, winding along through distant lands. The interior of this church is very costly ; and very sumptuous is the sepulchral vault of the kings. In its centre, the remains of the last monarch repose, until those of his successor are brought to occupy that post of honour which is then resigned. It is a tomb of Parian marble, on which the royal arms and appropriate emblems are placed ; but the introduction of ceremonial precedence, is surely out of character in a place where all are equal. There is something of ostentatious pomp introduced into this repository of the dead, which conveys no very suitable impressions ; and the simple view of some village burying-ground, has more deeply impressed my mind with sacred truth, and serious thoughts, than I felt on enter-

ing among those gorgeous tombs of departed kings.

The road to Milan passes through a country so flat, that it has been inundated for the purpose of growing rice, which is here cultivated in the same manner as is practised in the East. The continual croaking of toads is the only sound which accosts the ear, and not quite so productive of pleasing sentiments as my favourite warblers amid the Alps. The costume of the peasantry, especially the coiffure, is very pretty; a handkerchief is gracefully thrown upon the head, which is supported on the large silver pins with which they fasten up the hair. We amuse ourselves at Verceil, in surveying the interior decorations of the churches, and some curiosities which the people have collected into a small museum. As we approach Milan, the riches and beauty of the country command our admiration; and the lofty spires of the marble Cathedral rising above the inferior buildings, announce the magnificence of the city into which we now enter.

Your's, &c.

## LETTER XIII.

Milan.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE first object to which I must lead your attention, is, the magnificent Gothic Cathedral, situated in the centre of the city. It is nearly as extensive as St. Paul's, and built entirely of white marble ; ornamented on the exterior with upwards of a thousand statues, and each part of the structure—from the pointed minaret, to the stately dome—finished with the most minute and elaborate elegance. The front is quite new, and presents rather an incongruous association of the Grecian and Gothic orders of architecture; but the adoption of an elegant model can never disfigure the invention of a less enlightened age. Previous to the elevation of Napoleon to the Italian crown, a suitable façade was wanting to complete this stately pile, which was then beginning to suffer from the moulding touch of time. The enterprising king felt ambitious to adorn his capital, perhaps to give lustre to his name, and at once invading the rights of the clergy, he sold the lands belonging to the Cathedral ; the annual revenue of which had been effecting a gradual advancement of the work, but one too

slow for so impetuous a mind as his; having thus obtained a sufficient sum, he appropriated the whole to the completion of the costly structure. The clergy, indeed, possess one amongst the finest places for public worship; but they daily experience how much their interest has been sacrificed to ostentation. The interior is vast and solemn—the painted windows cast around an awe-inspiring variety of shades, which spread along the aisles—the lofty pillars and the arched ceilings. We can admire these results of human ingenuity; but while the exclamation—“What great buildings are here!” is passing from our lips, the voice of truth is predicting its downfall; and while we try to associate religious impressions with this outward magnificence, that same voice is heard to proclaim—“That the Most High God dwelleth not in the temples made with hands.”

The Christian while at evening he treads the marble pavement, and hears the thrilling melody, as it echoes to the dome, is invited to heavenly meditation; but he retires with a sorrowing heart, when he finds that the one atonement of the Lord Jesus is here superceded by the reiterated, the unbloody, and consequently worthless, sacrifice of the mass. When he finds the service of the *Latreia* bestowed upon

the creature, and hence becoming Idol-Latri.— Sees, too, a series of outward rites, altogether supplanting the spiritual worship which God demands. Could Paul and Peter now stand forth to utter the sentiments they have written in the Sacred Volume, their message would be scorned, or this baseless superstition would crumble into dust.

The inhabitants affix an extraordinary value to one statue here, that of St. Bartholomew—representing him as flayed alive, and in the act of holding his own skin. It is executed, indeed, with the skill of an artist, but much more so with the accuracy of an anatomist. The very idea begets an involuntary shudder. Nor should recollections be thus revived, which, while they mark the cruelty of Paganism, prove also the degeneracy of the Christian who is determined never to forget or to forgive.

Descending with torches, we proceeded to visit the sepulchral vault of St. Carlo Boromeo. The remains of this benevolent individual repose in a crystal coffin, in a small repository, richly adorned with silverwork in bass relief; within the tomb are royal offerings from several European monarchs. Being uncased to our view, it was saluted with profound veneration by the priests who attended to do the honours, and receive the gratuity.

They announce, that the abstinence of the French from the spoliation of so valuable a shrine, was the result of supernatural interposition, effected by the saint himself. I respect the memory of a man, who, during his life time, devoted himself to the calls of humanity, at a period when thousands, ready to be swept away by a frightful pestilence, cried aloud for its exercise. But if such impious adoration as this, was either the motive of his conduct, the object of his ambition, or the subject of his public ministry, I am warranted to apply to it the Saviour's words, "Verily I say unto you, he *has* his reward."

Near the Domo, or Cathedral, is the Viceroy's palace; the interior of which displays peculiar taste. The walls hung with rich coloured silks—the ceilings painted by superior artists, and the floors inlaid with various species of wood.—It is evidently adapted for use; and though suiting the dignity of its inhabitant, there is nothing of the empty pageantry and tinsel ornaments, so lately seen in that of Turin.

The college of Brera is the museum, as well as the academy of the fine arts. Its collection of paintings is deposited in superb apartments, arranged in the order of their respective dates: but the Mosaic works, which to me, at least, were new, surprized me with the consummate skill of the

execution ; all the varieties of colour, of light, and of shade, are produced from the arrangement of small particles, either of marble or vitreous composition. By this means, paintings are copied with indescribable accuracy ; and in addition to the peculiar value arising from so elaborate a work, their colours will stand the test of time, and will preserve the character, as well as survive the duration of their originals. The small pieces which compose the work, are placed together in the tenacious substance prepared for them—attention being only paid to the proper colours ; and when the work is completed, the whole is smoothed, in the same manner as blocks of marble. When I visited this place, the workmen were engaged in copying the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, as large as the original.—It was nearly finished, and seemed to have quite the effect of the original. The Virtuoso may here select some choice works of this description, which are exposed for sale ; some of which, representing the busts of sacred personages, almost rival the colouring and beauty of the celebrated chef d'œuvres, from which they are copied. There are also landscapes, and fine specimens of other subjects. Mosaic is analagous to tapestry ; both are the effects of labour, and must never aspire beyond the office of handmaids

and auxiliaries to the fine arts. In this institution are departments for other branches of science ; also, a valuable observatory, and botanical garden.

But I must now bid you adieu ; perhaps I have prolonged my subject too much. You must make all allowances for the usual surprize arising from novel impressions.

Your faithful,

&c. &c.

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## LETTER XIV.

Milan.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE most celebrated library here, is the Ambrosian, in which are contained, a vast number of rare and valuable manuscripts. These were originally in the possession of an order of Monks, who employed several of the ancient parchments, for the purpose of transcribing their legendary tales. The present librarian, Angelus Maius, appears to be a learned man, and an admirer of the Grecian and Roman authors.—By very patient exertions, he has traced some valuable vestiges of them, hidden beneath the old characters of the monastic records : several

fragments of Cicero have thus been brought to light, as well as a most early copy of the Epistles of St. Paul. I shall bring you some specimens of these curiosities. Petrarch, before the introduction of printing, copied, in his own handwriting, the entire works of Virgil, which are here shown to the curious. Inside the cover of this book, he has carelessly written some of his numerous verses to his favourite Laura. Among the ancient parchments is a small picture, representing Homer's description of the burning of Scamander; and in a large volume are collected, the recreative sketches occasionally taken by Leonardo da Vinci, as often as fancy, or an idle moment, induced him to unbend from his more laborious undertakings. His celebrated painting of the Last Supper, nearly defaced by the effects of time, is in fresco, on the walls of the church of St. Laurenzio: standing in front of which church, are sixteen Grecian columns, the portico of an ancient temple dedicated to Hercules.

Great luxury is displayed in the houses of the nobility of this city, and its teeming population in their evening promenade on the Corso, present the appearance of considerable wealth. The Corso is a public drive round the city; shaded on either side by very fine chesnuts, which are in full blossom at this season. The gentry, in

their carriages, move along in slow procession, occasionally saluting each other as they pass; while the walks on either side, are crowded by well-dressed pedestrians. The continual recurrence of the same routine, appears monotonous and insipid; but it suits the disposition of the Italian nobility, and they seem contented—I envy not their pastime. In their return homeward, they are wont to stop at some of the numerous coffee-houses in the way; and, perhaps, conclude the evening at the Opera of La Scala.—I hear that Luxury and Dissipation revel behind the silken curtains of its private boxes—that gaming often hurries its votaries to the very verge of desperation—and that Vice refined, like the once compliant serpent, insinuates its poison into the bosom of youth, with all the hypocrisies of intrigue.

When Napoleon was crowned king of Italy, he used every expedient to awaken the martial ardour of this effeminate people; and in providing them with appropriate amusements on this occasion, he led back their thoughts to the days of their Roman progenitors, by exhibiting the martial games in which they were wont to engage. For this purpose was prepared a spacious arena, in which chariot-races, as of old, were exhibited; and being afterwards filled with water, the spec-

tators witnessed the ancient Naumachiæ. From the fine building which he caused here to be erected, he could on the one side enjoy the games, and on the other view the soldiers perform their military evolutions in the foro Bonaparte. Napoleon also possessed a very agreeable villa near the city, which is laid out in the English style, with peculiar taste.

We visited a place in the environs, called Simonetta, celebrated only for the peculiar echo which a sound makes upon its walls; the reverberation is repeated about forty times—and the gradual vibrations of the shot of a pistol, from its thundering report to its terminating whisper, produce a surprising effect upon the ear. A very fine collection of ancient and modern medals is contained in the mint. Not only the antiquarian would derive satisfaction in examining them, but even the historian might glean some materials for his work, in tracing out events as they are recorded here in brazen characters.

Having thus taken a view of Milan, permit me to carry you on a visit to the Lago di Como, about twenty miles from the town. On arriving, I proceeded in a boat to visit the several beauties of the lake; nor can I express my feelings of admiration with the rich landscapes which, as

I sailed along, at every moment presented themselves to view. Whatever the most rich and verdant hills—diversified with all possible varieties of light and shade—adorned with palaces, villages, or romantic cottages, can add to a rural scene, is here collected; verdure drops along their sides, from the verge of heaven to the smooth lake, which both limits and reflects every beauty in its waves. The wealthy enjoy their spacious mansions on its banks; and the cottager greets his delightful home, as he sees it “emboomed high in tufted trees.” The yellow orangery vies with the purple vineyard;—nor can the “Sabeian odours from Araby the bless’d,” gladden old ocean with so sweet a smile, as would the aromatic perfume, which these hanging gardens leave upon the smooth surface of this interesting lake.

A place called the Pliniana, next engages my attention; so called from the minute description which Pliny has given of it in one of his epistles: he there endeavours to explain the causes of the intermission, or occasional cessation of the fountain, whose waters issue from the rocks. Without a due consideration of the phenomenon, which requires time to examine, and can, perhaps, admit of no further explanation than conjecture, I proceeded to admire such fine prospects as in

all directions present themselves to view. Here a cascade falls from the height, and passes beneath a house, both built as a bridge upon it, and seated on the water's edge.—There the intermitting fountain issues from the rock ; running at first smooth and untroubled—but in its progress to the lake, gushes down in a precipitous career. Some ruins—a copy of Pliny's letter on the walls—and the inscribed narrative of his visit there, attach a peculiar interest to the scene. The Princess of Wales possesses a fine palace on the Como ; comprising all that could exhibit the beauties of creation in their most pleasing forms ; she has left it, however, for other and more distant climes.

I have engaged your attention too far perhaps, and can only allege as my excuse what I sincerely feel, that the pleasures I have enjoyed alone, I desire, in some measure, to communicate to others. The character of sublimity being impressed on the scenery of Geneva, is rivalled by that of beauty, which smiles upon these banks. But I am constrained to depart.

Adieu, &c.

## LETTER XV.

Bologna.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE friendship I experienced, and the interest I felt at Milan, rather made me regret my departure from it ; but I come only to pass. My course is shaped towards Bologna and Florence. *Lodi* first receives us, where the arms of Napoleon for a moment, triumphed. The country seems rich in pasturage, and much of the cheese called Parmesan, really comes from this place. In the rainy weather, the peasantry wear a sort of cloak, made of long bulrushes ; which though a security from the inclemency of the weather, strikes us as giving him the appearance of being thatched. *Placentia* is the capital belonging to the ex-Empress Maria Louisa ; she arrived in it on the same day as we. The city was illuminated on the occasion, and the Duchess at evening went in procession through the town, affording a lesson for ambition to muse upon ; and realizing to our view, the sad features of splendid misery.—Her dignity degraded by an alliance she disdained ; or her wedded heart for ever bleeding, while she thinks upon her hopeless separation from the man she loves.

The country through which we pass, on leaving this place, is most rich and luxuriant.—The full-grown elms, like the arrangement of a military phalanx, and just as the Mantuan\* poet would have had them, are disposed in even rows, and at equal distances, all through the level plains, far as the eye can reach. Beneath their shade, the Indian corn pushes forth its gigantic blade and ripens, uninjured by the summer sun—its truly golden ear. Around their stems the vine uplifts itself—mounts to the topmost boughs—moves on the horizontal branch, to knit itself among the outstretched tendrils of its neighbour-vines. So that all at length conjoined, the pendant foliage, and the clustering grape, bend in festoons; graceful and so extensive, that the eye looking through the distance, gradually loses itself in the closing vista. Oh, how wonderful and varied are the works of God!

In the villages through which we pass on our way to Parma, are several Gothic monuments; the unwieldy productions of a barbarous age.—Parma is a fine and extensive city. Corregio, the celebrated painter, has left in this place, some of his very finest works; the effect produced upon the mind in the contemplation of them, is that of sublimity—so much of life and

\* See Georgics.

of intelligence are thrown on every piece. Reggio is a large city ; the streets where we passed, were covered with awnings, on account of a fair which takes place about this season. Considerable preparations had been made, as the fair continues for almost a month, and the people of Italy, and of surrounding countries, usually attend. Modena is the residence of a duke of that title. It seems a very beautiful town ; and the hospital and work-house prove it to be well regulated. The palace has just suffered by fire, and that very considerably ; several fine paintings, however, still adorn its walls. Among others too numerous to mention, I particularly noticed one by Corregio, in which the infant Saviour reposes on the lap of the Virgin ; several figures are around, each in an enquiring attitude : and the only light which brightens their features, and throws on them such an air of peculiar dignity, is that which seems to emanate from the irradiated countenance of the Lord himself. Guido and Caracci, have here exhibited their skill ; but this delightful subject of Corregio, filled my entire mind. In the library are some ancient manuscripts, and one of the first printed editions of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament.

Bologna, the largest city in this part of the

country, belongs to the Papal dominions. On either side of the streets are convenient arcades for the foot passengers ; and though rather antique, it seems a place of considerable bustle and importance. I shall not attempt to give you an account of all its curiosities ; that would exceed the limits which prudence assigns me—accept, however, a few particulars :—Bologna has been long celebrated for the superiority and excellence of its painters ; several palaces contain very fine collections. The Palazzo Marischalchi contains, in numerous chambers, specimens of the first masters : but though each receives a transient, yet admiring look, I must specially call your attention to another performance of this celebrated Corregge. It is a representation of the Saviour in a sitting posture ; the world is beneath his feet—and while he is now seated for the judgment, his arms are extended to embrace in mercy, the returning penitent ; Correggio especially, throws into such performances, a glow of the most sacred character. It would seem as if wrapt in contemplating our divine Master with an eye of faith, he was enabled to transcribe the heavenly impressions, which love had traced upon his soul. My conductor exhibited this painting to the greatest advantage. When the room was shaded by the

closing of the shutters, the countenance appeared deepening in intellectual expression, but as light is gradually thrown upon it, a spectator is overpowered with the majesty, and sweetness, and inviting smile which beam across the features, and seem to speak joy and benignity to the heart.

While engaged in admiring this consummate specimen of skill, my mind was led to trace the introduction of pictures into the temples of Roman worship, to an indulgence of such emotions as these. It seems, to fallen reason untaught by revelation, a plausible device, by means of such auxiliaries, to kindle the feelings which should belong to the original. Corrupt nature, too, is prone to fall into a worship that addresses itself to sense, (since that original is Spirit and man flesh) as a substitute for God's demand of a worship, that consists in Spirit and in truth. When, therefore, what is plausible and natural in the abstract, can be here so abundantly supplied, this land of genius has become a land of idolatrous superstition; and its people, while they gaze with admiration on the painted canvass, become satisfied, that that which so much pleases them, must be also acceptable unto God. An appendage such as this, to their worship of the Most High, is like the ivy which

gracefully hangs upon a venerable ruin ; for while it serves to adorn, it insensibly steals the remaining strength by which the building is sustained.

I was spectator at a great procession here in honour of the Virgin, in which they carried a picture, said to have been the property and performance of St. Luke ; the houses were gaily hung with red silk, and a crowd of well-dressed people accompanied the portrait through the arched walk that leads to her chapel.

The Specola, or school of science, appears a fine institution, as all its several departments are supplied with the very best apparatus ; also attached to it, is a museum of natural history, and monuments of celebrated persons ; among others that of Cassini, the astronomer and professor of this place. I am preparing to cross the Appenines, and shall now conclude with the sincere wishes of

Your's, &c.

## LETTER XVI.

Florence.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE road to Florence affords the traveller a succession of pleasing ideas, by its rich and picturesque scenery. The mountains are not considerable, but presenting a pleasant aspect.—Volcanic symptoms are apparent in many places, especially at Pietra Amara, near which eruptions sometimes take place. The dark fig-tree is contrasted with the pale olive; the vales are rich for pasturage, and the numerous villages with their tall spires—the healthy peasantry with the fresh flowers in their bonnets, mark our progress through the interesting country of Tuscany. At length, Florence amid her numerous villas, soon receives us through a fine triumphal arch, erected in honour of Leopold; and it was with no small interest I entered a city remarkable for having been the fostering parent of modern literature. Poverty, however, prevails in some part of our route; and our carriage was frequently assailed with the cries of—*per l'amor di Dio e di San Michele date qualche cosa, &c.*

Florence having been the seat of much popu-

lar and aristocratical contention, still wears the features of its ancient character ; not in the actual disposition of its inhabitants, but in the strength and solidity of its ancient palaces. They are built as well for security as for grandeur ; and the rugged arrangement of the materials has introduced a new order into architecture, called the Tuscan, from originating here. These venerable monuments recal to our minds the memory of Cosmo, and Lorenzo the Magnificent ; names which must be estimated by all who can appreciate the great object they had in view, namely, that of unveiling the fine arts from the dark curtain which a barbarous age had thrown upon them, and causing the light of the intellectual world to emerge from the gloom, by which it was so long obscured. Upon the banks of the Arno the great design was cherished, and carried into effect : and while the precious commodities of distant countries were the ostensible objects which these merchant-sovereigns had in view, they were not insensible to so happy an occasion of importing in their galleons, the precious relics of ancient literature.—By such successful exertions, Italian genius was brought into action ; and the Arno flows in many a liquid number, carrying the names of Medici as the nursing-fathers of learning up to the present day.

The gallery of Florence is part of the effects

of their sublime exertions—it is a repository of all that genius can produce in the interesting field of the fine arts. This extensive building lies near the river, and is comprised in three sides of an oblong square. Having ascended to the apartments, we were first introduced to a small chamber, in which the principal personages of the Medicean family are represented in various attitudes, by the combined genius and veneration of those whom once they patronized. They are placed here as if to welcome the admirers of such productions, to the survey of this grand collection.

The long train of Roman emperors next attracts our attention. These busts were made either during the lifetime, or immediately after it, of their respective originals. Various are the reflections which such a view creates; reviving the early impressions which the history of their crimes, or of their virtues, had imprinted upon the mind. The ambition of Cæsar—the gentleness of Antonine—the majestic air of Nerva, and the sensuality of Vitellius, are distinctly marked in their respective countenances: the busts of Nero were, probably, made during his own lifetime; for the blamelessness of his youth is as strongly characterized, as is the subsequent expression which the awful change of his temper and disposition spread upon his features. Here, too, is the entire pantheon of heathen mythology. The

grace of Apollo is contrasted with the awkward archness of the Satyr, and the solemn gravity of Jupiter, sets off the playful attitude of Cupid, as he defies the threatened vengeance of superior powers.

The next apartment to which I was led, was the hall of Niobe ; where the several members of the family are represented in the agonies of the punishment they sustain from the increased wrath of the offspring of Latona. Here, also, great taste reigns in the design : the supplicating posture of some—the graceful timidity of others—the attitude of prayer, of suffering, or of death, are all finely conceived.

A statue of Mercury also, by John of Bologna, deserves notice ; his small wings are expanded, and every nerve is stretched for flight—nay, he seems already in the air !—lightness is the character of a swift messenger, and this bronze statue is lightness itself. It had formerly been the ornament of a fountain, from which the gushing waters, as they played around his foot, seemed to raise aloft the winged ambassador.

You are next introduced to the celebrated painters of modern times, who have sent portraits of themselves, being their own execution, to form this interesting assemblage. That of our Sir Joshua, has suffered by the effect of time upon the colours, as is the case in others of his

performance. Finally, we pass on to the repository of chef d'œuvres, which gives peculiar celebrity to the collection. The statue of Venus, known by the name, Venus de Medici, first arrests attention. The eulogium of so many nations, and the late contest between its present possessors and the French spoliasts about it, much awakened my curiosity. It is surprising to behold such an expression of life given to the inanimate marble.—So much delicacy displayed where the display of delicacy is so difficult and so essential—so much symmetry, where the least disproportion would have disentitled it to that character of beauty which antiquity has drawn of its original. The eye can pass along the outline of this figure, and can trace the conception of Beauty personified, as it struck the wonderful artist who embodied his idea of it in the perfect workmanship wrought out of such rude materials.

On another occasion I hope to survey some of the remaining objects which here invite our attention. Happy would I feel were you present, both to enjoy the sight of so many fine specimens, as also to form a correct estimate of the elegance of some, which I cannot adequately convey by any description I could give. For the present I must

Conclude with, &c.

## LETTER XVII.

Florence.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE other works which adorn the Tribune, (as the chamber where the Venus stands is called,) are no less worthy of notice, although somewhat inferior in execution and design.—Here is a Spartan slave, employed in sharpening some implement of servitude.—There the combat of the wrestlers forms a fine group of figures; one of which is represented as shuddering beneath the threatened blow of his incumbent adversary. Further on a fawn, with his cymbals, seems eager to attract our notice, by the frantic mirth with which he dances at their sound. Cupid, being a favourite idol of antiquity, is variously represented; in one place as reclining on his outstretched wing—in another as attending on the fabled Psyche. Thus, the marble is made to breathe, to bend, to smile, or seemingly to expire. Justice, however, demands for the display of talent spread upon the canvass, an equal admiration.

Corregio, to whom I formerly introduced you, is here, to charm us by that natural and fascinating style so peculiarly his own. These

features are softness itself, which present to our view the countenance of the Virgin, as she is engaged in an act of adoration ; and in his portraying the innocent playfulness of children, your heart would be filled with all the tenderness which a parent feels, while beholding on the features of his little flock, the bright expression of a guileless joy. Raphael is also here to constrain our admiration. An author, “if not the first, in the very first line ;”—one who can also touch the heart, and elevate the soul. St. John the Evangelist, in a youthful character, is represented as under the immediate impression of a divine influence ; a divine influence is not an object of sense, but is purely spiritual ; yet, as far as it throws upon the features a sublime reflection of heaven, so far has Raphael succeeded in delineating it here. Another of his favourite designs is the Virgin, the infant, and John the Baptist. The humble reverence expressed in the countenance of John, seems already to proclaim that testimony respecting the Messiah —“his shoe’s latchet I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.” While the encouraging look of the Redeemer to his forerunner, announces him at once to be “the greatest of prophets.”

In this gallery the comic scenes of vulgar

life, which distinguished the Flemish masters, are finely contrasted by the sublime and classical productions of the Italian school: but we must not pass on without pausing, particularly to admire the beauty and sweetness exhibited in the works of Carlo, who so justly is denominated Carlo Dolce. Here you are led into a Cytherean landscape; a group of Cupids emulate each other in playful dexterity. One is drawing his arrow from the quiver; another is taking aim at a heart suspended from a rose-tree; a third, while sharpening his little dart, seems determined to succeed; a fourth, who failed, runs for comfort to the fabled Queen of love, who presides as arbitress in the contest; the nicest delicacy is expressed in the design, and the hand of superior skill has put it into execution. The other performances of which this magnificent collection may justly boast; would deserve your attention; but I shall at present be satisfied in having described a few—fearing lest these orbs (as I may call them) of the first magnitude, might eclipse the lustre of inferior stars: this gallery must again and again be seen, rightly to appreciate its wonderful contents. I now leave it for other objects of curiosity.

The churches of Italy are generally orna-

mented with the richest specimens of art, which the admirers of an ostentatious worship can select. Not so magnificent as that of Milan, but equally extensive, is the Cathedral of Florence; the exterior of it is incrustated with marble, which gives it so heavy an appearance, that some have called it, a marble mountain. The small Baptistry, (as the building which stands in front of the Cathedral is called,) is particularly deserving of close examination; the shape of it is octagonal—the gates are of bronze, on which sacred subjects, in basso relievo, are exquisitely designed.—So much admired have these gates been, that the celebrated Michael Angelo, when he saw them, said, with a boldness of expression peculiar to his genius, that, “these must have been the gates of Paradise.” The interior of this little chapel is consistent with its outward beauty; a mosaic roof, supported on sixteen columns, rests upon a groundwork, composed of coloured marbles—all arranged with the most studied elegance. The altar, and appendages of Italian worship, as in other places, so are here also, most costly; being usually intended to attract the reverence of the people.

The old church of Santa Croce is interesting, as being the place where the remains of some celebrated characters of this country are depo-

sited.—The tomb of Michael Angelo is adorned with weeping figures of painting, statuary, and architecture, in which he so eminently excelled; the work is a tribute of respect from his own pupils, as well as a specimen of their success in the imitation of their master. Alfieri is lamented by the tragic Muse; and on the tomb of the historian Machiavelli are these simple words, *Tanto Homini nullum par elogium*. Galileo, and several other once-distinguished characters, are here mingling their remains with the parent dust. In this chapel are several paintings by Perrugino and Cimabue; these authors flourished when the art was in its infancy, long before the energies of its subsequent maturity had burst forth.

Other churches here, as repositories of fine specimens of art, (were it not for that proximity to those of much higher pretension, by which their lustre is eclipsed,) would merit a distinct and detailed account; but the chapel of Lorenzo, remarkable, not for its dimensions, but for the extraordinary richness of its interior, must not be overlooked; it was commenced by the ostentatious spirit of Leo X. who commenced whatever might shed the air of royal dignity upon the Medicean family, and succeeding Pontiffs of the same race, influenced too by the same ambition, employed the

riches of the Popedom to second this extravagant design : the walls are of a species of workmanship called *pietra dura* ; which differs from the mosaic in the size and quality of the materials ; the *pietra dura* being composed of larger pieces, and of the precious stones themselves, of which mosaic is but the imitation.—All the varieties of Etrurian jasper, lapis Lazuli, and Sicilian spars ; oriental marbles too, of different hues, are employed in exhibiting the armorial bearings of the family of Medici, as well as those of the other cities which were subject to their sway. The marble cushion, at the niche of Lorenzo, is said to be studded with diamonds—Vain pomp and glory of the world ! This very family is now extinct ; not one remains to perpetuate its name, or to complete this edifice—reared by pride, carried on by ambitious extravagance ; but left unfinished.—The emblem of earthly happiness ; left for time to feed upon, and finally left, like its great projectors, to moulder in the dust.

Adieu.

## LETTER XVIII.

Florence.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOSE edifices which, at Florence, particularly attract the notice of a foreigner, are, the ancient palaces of the nobility ; I before observed the nature of their construction, and the origin of the Tuscan order of architecture in which these palaces are built. The old residence of the family of Medici is particularly ponderous, and presents a gloomy exterior ; much, however, is found to awaken our interest ; not in its monuments of art, which are but thinly scattered through the building ; but in the circumstance of its having been the seat of a family, whose history has been conspicuous in the world, for so many ages. In the large square which is in front, is a bronze fountain ; Neptune is represented in his chariot, surrounded by Tritons ; near this, in a place called the Loggia, are several other ornamental statues.

The present residence of the grand Duke is the celebrated palace Pitti. The great ancestor of that family was alone the rival of the Medici, in their wealth, their power, and the desire of introducing the fine arts once more into his

country. His ambition, the prominent feature of his character, is exhibited in the strength and grandeur of the edifice which is still identified with his name; it is situated on an eminence, which commands the town; it is a residence suited to sovereignty, but one that seems to have exceeded the income of its founder, as it still remains incomplete: the successful efforts of his rivals, secured at length, the possession of it to the family of Medici. In its present state it is decorated with surpassing magnificence; consummate taste is united with convenience. Its gallery of paintings is alone eclipsed by the excellence of those we have elsewhere noticed. Indeed, my friend, an Englishman, unaccustomed to behold such collections as these, is almost bewildered before he is led to the end of them.—He begins, perhaps, to admire a landscape, which recalls to his mind some happy recollection of native scenery; he is then led off to survey the portrait of an author, with whose writings being once delighted, he now feels peculiar interest in tracing, as it were, the countenance of a friend, and that too of one who almost seems to speak to you; a group of figures next introduces him into the society of saints, or of men renowned for heroic deeds; and again, he follows some interesting allegory,

through its ingenious design and its moral result. When we desire to stay at one, we are hurried off to another, and the chain of thought is often interrupted, when the mind just begins to receive the impression that the subject is meant to convey.

Such are the observations which I am obliged to make in visiting, not only this collection in the palace Pitti, but those also of Corsini and Gherini; each of which is well worthy the attention of all, who have both taste and leisure to admire the superior productions of this delightful art. Some there are, however, from which you would not be drawn, contented with a cursory regard; the genius of Carlo Dolce arrests your notice wherever it is displayed, and his works are peculiarly calculated to awaken the finer feelings of our nature; his personification of Poetry is remarkable in producing such effects: she is crowned with laurel, and the expression of her features unites at once the beautiful and the sublime.—The conception seems to have emanated from a mind impregnated with the genius of Milton and the Mantuan muse; the vigour of the one is so sweetly blended by the softness of the other, in this interesting performance of Carlo Dolce.

In the palace of the Riccardi family, the pro-

gress of human life, from its earliest infancy, to the different stages of manhood and old age, is allegorized by the bold hand of Giordano; the ancient mythology supplies the introductory scene—here you see the Fates, preparing to spin the thread of life, and near them is already kindled the vital fire of Prometheus; the infant now is seen—and we contemplate with delight the apparent innocence and unclouded gaiety of his dawning years—appropriate emblems of the advancing age are exhibited with the taste of a poetic imagination. Two roads now present themselves; the one is the path of true happiness, where Religion, with her handmaids, stands inviting him, by the sincere and affectionate call of Christian love, to pursue a way, which though rarely trodden, and occasionally strewn with thorns, ultimately leads to the mansions of eternal joy—on the other side of the hesitating stripling, a brilliant countenance presents itself, beaming with delight—a fair form, crowned with a chaplet of roses intermixed with vine-leaves, boldly seizes on the youth, and points out the fascinating entrance of the path she invites him to pursue; that smile allures—the gay prospect overpowers—the judgment is enchained by the present gratification; and while he disdains, as too harsh, the undisguised truth in

which Virtue and Religion stand, he turns away, to hurry downward to the paths of pleasure, of ruin, and of death.—It is Vice he follows, who has presented herself in the garb of enjoyment. The author next gives an insight of the hideous form which stands behind the mask ; and the successive scenes are a melancholy exhibition of the fatal effects of this dreadful choice. Here the ingenious allegory terminates ; but, I confess, that I desired, with our interesting author, to have followed the hapless youth—till Experience and Repentance, having taken him by the hand, had led him, though a prodigal, to those parental arms, which are ever open to embrace the penitent ; and could a human artist give but one glimpse of heaven, how gratefully would we contemplate its blessed inhabitants, rejoicing over the returning sinner, as he lay at the Redeemer's cross.

Florence is provided with delightful gardens and public walks, to which the citizens resort on their festivals and holidays. The promenade of the Cashines, which extends along the banks of the Arno, is now the most frequented ; the carriages of the nobility, as at the Corso of Milan, move along in regular succession, revolving round those of the Grand Duke, who is often present on such occasions, driving up

and down with majestic slowness. The pedestrians crowd along the agreeable pathways, which lead through the groves of pine, on the cool sides of the river ; occasionally partaking of the refreshments, which are provided in great quantities on the way, or enjoying the delightful sensations which the distant landscapes must create. The people, even of the lowest ranks, are well-dressed for the promenade ; they collect in groups, well pleased with themselves and all around ; and, in sympathising in the general happiness, one is constrained to ask, Where, amid such scenes as these, can discontent find a place ? Fragrant flowers are presented us from the baskets of the children, who have collected them in a country which derives its name from their beauty and profusion.

The garden of Boboli, adjoining the Palazzo Pitti, is another delightful place ; arranged with the most sedulous hand of art, yet in its sloping position and luxuriant soil, doubly indebted to Nature. But, without an accompanying friend, what are all these charms ! half the pleasure of such scenery is lost when none is present with whom to communicate the feelings they inspire.

The society here is refined, and some I have met, whom I estimate as my acquaintance ; yet, as time is requisite to cement the bond of friend-

ship, I have found none to admit within the precincts of that heart, which is reserved for those to whom, as to yourself, I can, with affection and sincerity,

Subscribe myself,

&c. &c.

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## LETTER XIX.

Florence.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE period of my stay, and the opportunities of becoming acquainted with the inhabitants of this city were so limited, that I shall only undertake to present you with that sketch of their character or manners, which a cursory observation enables me to take. So far, all wore the most favourable aspect ; a stranger, it is true, wherever he goes, meets with that face of things which is the least displeasing at the first view, and unless he can enter upon the darker side, which, if it exist, is cautiously concealed from his notice, he can only give the limited result of his own personal remarks.

As the Florentines still possess that talent with which Nature so richly endowed their ancestors, so, a corresponding object must exist, on

which to send forth the energies of genius.— They are now precluded from its more manly exercise in the great cause of liberty or religion; in the one, by the hand of arbitrary power; in the other, by the influence of an overwhelming superstition. Hence, the cultivation of the fine arts becomes a vent to the effervescence of intellect; it can offer no offence to the authorities that be, yet is accessary to the popular reception of their ostentatious worship. It flatters their vanity as a nation, and by reason of its sedentary character, suits that indolence which, besides what is natural to man, is engendered by the enervating influence of the climate.

Here, then, the whole vigour of a polished and enlightened mind is poured forth. We have seen a few specimens of what the pencil, or the chissel can effect, when directed by the hand of Genius. Poetry and music, too, are almost natural; the numbers of the one, and the melody of the other, flowing through this land of song, with unstudied volubility. The Improvisatori, or extemporaneous bards, aided by the soft, yet sonorous dialect of the country, spontaneously adapt the harmony of metre with the brilliancy of conception; while the music of this land, (even where self-taught itinerants unite in concert) fills the soul with the most exalted senti-

ments, and touches every chord of the feeling heart.

In the mutual intercourse of the higher orders, the charms of conversation seem the chief object they have in view ; neither luxuries or refreshment are introduced on these occasions. —And instead of the unmeaning morning visit, or the voluptuous evening feast, the civil respect of the one, and the recreative enjoyment of the other, are both blended in the *conversazione* of Florence ; where “the feast of reason, and the flow of soul,” are said to be tasted with a peculiar relish.

Such customs would not be palatable, perhaps, in the hungry climates of the North ; and I am bound to add, that the occasional introduction of English usages in this respect, is not unwelcome to the natives of this place. It is a fact well known, that when the Ambassador of England has entertained the nobility of Florence upon the eve of a fasting-day, with one accord they anticipate the announcement of the supper —hasten to the rooms, where all its honours are displayed, and ere the fatal twelve has struck, many a tower of ice is stormed, and many a height of Carmel has been levelled to its base.—The ceremonial coercion gives voluptuousness a sharper zest ; and while the laws of temperance,

which are the laws of God, may, with impunity, be infringed, before the dreaded midnight has arrived; the last toll of twelve would number the transgressor among the candidates for penance, if the mandates of the church were disobeyed.

Florence possesses a valuable museum of Natural History. The learned, or the inquisitive, find ample satisfaction here, in examining objects similar to those which we have elsewhere seen; but, to me, the most interesting department, on account of its novelty, is the collection of anatomical figures in wax. What has been said of the genius and industry of this people in other branches of art, may enable you to form an idea of the extraordinary perfection to which they have arrived in this species of workmanship. The knowledge of anatomy may here be studied without the painful medium of dissection, or these sensations of disgust which accompany the examination of an actual subject.

An author, possessing a gloomy turn of mind, but one who excelled in this kind of composition, has left behind him in the museum, a representation of the plague, in its desolating progress over the human frame—from its first attack upon the cheek of health, to its final stage of putrefaction. Here a corpse has sunk in its black

embrace—and there the reptile triumphs with undisturbed audacity, amid the ruins of mortality. What a view must the reality present, when the features of its representation are so disgusting ! The Scriptures of truth proclaim the plague to be one of the three peculiar instruments of an avenging God, when iniquity calls aloud for its retribution ; and that then he sends upon the land this awful denunciation of his abhorrence against a nation's crimes. These works of Zumbo, if they shock the sight, must humble the soul, in gratitude to that gracious God, who has averted from our native shores, the actual experience of such a scene as this.

It would be superfluous to lead you through the various schools and colleges of the city ; where youthful genius is instructed in their favourite arts—where the successful works of the copyist are taught to rival their originals—and where marbles of various colours, in *pietra dura*, are inlaid with the finest patterns of flowers and festoons. Rather would I lead you to the private residences in the environs ; many of which are well worthy of notice ; for the same elegance prevails in them, as we have so often admired in the public edifices of this interesting place ; and especially would I invite you hither, as a drive in such a country, where all is

smiling in an atmosphere so serene, has a natural tendency to refresh and exhilarate the mind. I failed not to visit the Poggio Imperiale, where Lorenzo de Medici so often held sweet counsel with his associates in literature, concerning the advancement of these very talents, of which we here discover such remarkable effects. The country, too, from the height on which it stands, presents a lovely prospect of innumerable villas, scattered through the plain to the utmost verge of the distant hills. On viewing this assemblage of villas in the plain below, a descriptive sketch, in the language of Ariosto, was put into my hands. Permit me to recal to your mind, these harmonious sounds in which once you discovered so many charms, as well as through a medium more interesting than my own language could employ, to convey some idea of the gratifying scene :—

Se dentro a un mur sotto un medesimo nome,  
Fusser raccolti i tuoi palazzi sparsi,  
Non te sarian da paregiar due Rome.

As I am preparing to depart for Rome, I am induced to conclude. The prospect of visiting which city, alone prevents the regret I should otherwise feel in leaving Florence. Were our judgments uninfluenced by the comparative estimate of these two places, we should acknowledge

that the city of Florence abundantly fills the most enlarged expectations of a refined curiosity.

Farewell.

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## LETTER XX.

Rome.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE road from Florence to Rome, possesses several objects of interest; but the recollection of what we have so lately been witnessing, and the anticipation of what we are going to behold, prevented us from bestowing upon them any more consideration than a transient regard.

On leaving the fertile plains of Tuscany, we enter the Campagna di Roma, where misery darkens every countenance, and where the lawless banditti seem, with impunity, to brave the authorities of the land. The constant depredations of these lawless bands on the property of travellers, obliged us to employ an escort of armed guards, to attend us through such parts of the journey, as were more particularly exposed.

At Lake Thrasymene, we view the spot where the Roman laurel for a moment seemed to wither. At Vene is a small ancient Temple of Clitumnus, seated on a little river of the same

name, which is so far interesting, as having once been visited, and its source described by the younger Pliny. Though this temple is very small, it presents a neat front, ornamented with bass relief.

The towns along the road are, for the most part, situated on the rising grounds; they are ornamented with numerous steeples which, where interspersed with some degree of cultivated scenery, form, by their picturesque appearance, a pleasing relief to the general dreariness of the way. The bold scenery, too, of wood and mountain, particularly at Mount Sommita, among the Appenines, is highly romantic; and as the road passes over it, our slow advance enabled us to admire it the more. At length we come in sight of the Candida Soracte, of which Horace speaks, and having crossed the Tiber, on a bridge erected by Augustus, we reach the ancient seat of Roman grandeur, through a handsome entrance, called the Porto del Popolo.

A stranger feels emotions of a very peculiar character, on his arrival in this city, the fame whereof has been so long and so widely spread. Forgetting, for a moment, what she is, he is wrapped up in contemplating her as she was.—The impressions wrought by his early studies in

Roman literature are revived.—Memory recalls the momentous incidents of her past history ; incidents which have stamped the character of the periods in which they occurred. Imagination, too, with a vividness which nothing but actual observation could create, traces, amid the vestiges of her former greatness, the streets which were trodden by her people—the tenements which lodged her poets, and the walls which re-echoed the thunders of her eloquence. But soon the mind awakens from its dream, to discover, in the wreck of her magnificence, the vanity of earth, and the vengeance of Heaven.—It sees them in the ruined temples of her mythological worship—in the prostrate Senate-house, from which her laws once issued forth to bind the most distant nations—in the mouldering palaces, in which ambition trampled on the liberty of Rome—and in the colossal remnant of her theatres, constructed to divert the public mind from brooding o'er its loss.

I shall not yet conduct you to behold the existing monuments of Papal ostentation, which almost rival the magnificence of Pagan Rome ; but shall anticipate your wish of hearing some account of the relics of more ancient times : And yet, what a change is wrought !—not merely in the perishable works of man ; but Ruin seems in

this place, to be even seated upon the very face of Nature. Her seven hills are almost levelled, and apparently brought low: so much have the vallies, which lay between, been filled with the ruins of her fall.—Enough, however, remains to engage the mind, and I shall first lead you to the celebrated Pantheon of Agrippa.

This is one of the most perfect monuments which the ravages of time, or Vandalism, have left behind them.—The consummate proportion of its portico, remains a lasting memorial of ancient taste: it was formerly ascended by a flight of sixteen steps, which are now hidden beneath the earth—filled up by the rubbish of surrounding desolation; so that we enter at once from the level street. Great as has been the change which time has wrought upon its aspect and its name, you would scarcely suppose, on visiting the interior, that a change had taken place in the worship to which it was originally devoted.—The temple, once dedicated to all the gods, is now the shrine set apart in honour of all the saints. Happy had it been if the preaching of the Cross, by the apostle Paul, in this very city—that doctrine which was foolishness to the Gentiles—had entirely superseded the idolatry of Rome; it would not then have sought an alliance with its impieties; but have proved, in its

influence upon the heart, to be the power of God unto salvation. The genius of Canova, a living artist, has been employed in furnishing this beautiful structure with the busts and statues of individuals who have shone in the annals of the country; and Michael Angelo, whose life was almost spent in the construction of the great Basilica, or Temple of St. Peter, was wont to sit contemplating this monument of ancient skill, that he might mould his own genius from such a pattern, and adorn his Cathedral from a model so complete. We may conceive the enthusiasm of the man, when, being wrapped in admiring extacy, he exclaims, "I shall lift it in the air." And a Pantheon, in all the exactitude of its dimensions and design, stands at this moment as the Dome of St. Peter's.

We are next attracted to the ancient Capitol of Rome, where the genius of Michael Angelo awaits also to receive us. It is rescued from oblivion by the works he has constructed on its height; a lofty flight of steps brings us to the platform, which is adorned with several fine relics of antiquity. An equestrian statue in brass, of Marcus Aurelius, stands in the centre; and so expressive is its attitude of motion, that while Angelo was lost in a reverie of admiration, he was heard with impatient reiteration to ex-

claim, "Camina, Camina—move on, move on!"

The buildings which he has here erected, are devoted to the fine arts, and to the memorials of Roman greatness in other times. Amid numerous specimens of the former, we stop to notice the dying gladiator—an admirable remnant of ancient workmanship. He is represented as having received a mortal wound; the sinking frame is propped by the enfeebled elbow—the ferocious countenance is half unmanned; and death, accompanied with some characters of remorse, is already spread upon its features. In other exhibitions of this wonderful art, the marble is made to seem capable of life and breath, in this it appears liable to the throes of mortality. The entire assemblage of Roman emperors (but happily divested of their power to do evil) may be seen in these chambers to unite in harmless proximity. And on the opposite wing of the building, the complete history of Rome is represented in frescoe upon the walls,—from the fabled wolf which nurtured the founder of her greatness, on to the lofty summits of Cæsarean power. Here all is Roman; and Michael Angelo seems ambitious to convince us that the Capitol still retains a charm to attract an admiring world, with a force not less constraining than that which once occasioned the

nations of the earth to lie prostrate at its base. The Tarpeian Rock is pointed out ; but it has ceased to awaken the apprehensions it once created—being almost filled with the rubbish of the ancient buildings on the height.

Immediately behind the Capitol is the Forum Romanum ; a few pillars mark out the spots where one temple in honour of Jupiter, and another in honour of Concord, were situated. In this very Forum Cicero once summoned Cataline and Verres to cease from abusing the clemency of Rome ; but at this moment are oxen grazing upon its soil, luxuriant with a vegetative rankness, which arises from the very desolation which supplies its growth. Hence has it changed both its character and its name. The Forum Romanum is now denominated the Campo Vaccino. Scarcely have the triumphal arches of Severus and of Constantine escaped the general doom : already were they half way sunk beneath the level of the earth, when Napoleon, excavating to their base, opened to our view the whole of these interesting monuments—secured them by a wall ; yet so, that we descend to examine them in detail. Farther on are temples in honour of Antoninus Pius—of Romulus and of Peace : and beyond these is that stupendous monument of ancient grandeur,

the Colysseum ; at a short distance from which, on the Palatine hill, are the ruins of the palace of Cæsar.

Here, my friend, you must pause ; too many objects crowd upon our notice, which demand, at another time, a more minute examination.—Suffer me, therefore, now to call upon your memory to retrace the history of olden times—and upon your imagination to picture the transactions of its ancient population. Here thronged the people in all the bustle of every-day avocation. There the procession moved along—or the multitude attend their Supreme Pontiff, (their Pontifex Maximus) in the celebration of their ritual devotions ; beneath these arches the conquering hero comes in triumph—or yon theatre encompasses within its wide embrace, the mighty population of Rome. But ere you can proceed another step, you awaken and find it but a dream—vanishing away into an airy nothing ; and with the humbling sentiments which must spring from the awful reality of its present state, you are constrained, at every step, to tread upon the pride of man, and trample ambition, with all its honours, in the dust. I need not suggest or anticipate your reflections ; but shall now conclude, knowing, that amid scenes like this, you will contrast the unaided

efforts of man to trace out happiness by himself, with the results of a simple dependance upon the gospel of Christ; and while the Divine goodness which unveils these blessings to our view, is calculated to awaken our gratitude, we may learn to form a correct estimate of the works which vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision, and may long, through the merits of the Redeemer, to secure the possession of that building which is eternal in the heavens.

Your's, &c.

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## LETTER XXI.

Rome.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Colysseum was designed to accommodate within its capacious circle, the mass of the Roman population; and that gigantic mind with which it originated, has comprised in its structure, all the orders of architecture then received. The Doric, which is massive and unadorned, stands upon the ground, supporting the chaste and elegant Ionic; and the Ionic order, in the second tier, becomes a medium of connexion between the simple Doric and the

light and flowery Corinthian. So easy is this transition, that this enormous pile, even in its decay, retains a look of gracefulness. In every range is a circular arcade, which passed through the whole extent of the building; and beneath these the Roman people were wont to enjoy a recreative interval between the games: the whole arena in the centre was exposed to the open air at top; the spectators sat around it, on seats which reached, in successive gradations from the line which bounded the arena, up to the very summit of the building itself.

Summon before the eye of your imagination, this assembled multitude; see the intensity of their interest in the combat of the gladiators, which holds them in breathless suspense. And again, conceive them as they hailed the victor with thunders of applause. There you can see the seat of eminence which the emperor appropriated to his own use; but now while we try to reach it, the footstep is impeded by the forbidding aspect of Ruin sitting upon these walls so crowded once, and the tottering summit of this still-amazing edifice, admonishes us to withdraw. All is now silent—all is solitary; and amid these once resounding walls, the only noise you hear, is, the crumbling touch of time, or the solemn echo of our footsteps.

Hither the architect repairs to catch the nicer characters of proportion; and the romantic appearance of these mouldering, yet magnificent walls, which the verdant shrubs so luxuriantly and so gracefully adorn, engages the attendance of the painter; while the visions of its past celebrity may furnish the fancy of the poet, or the memory of the historian, with the impressions which are suitable to their respective taste. Here, too, the Christian comes, welcoming that solemn stillness which is the parent of meditation. Here the very silence seems to speak;—it almost tells you that “God is in this place,” holding forth a monument of his wrath against the nation which cemented such a pile with the blood of their captive slaves, and then could only find delight in it when they heard the groans of the dying—against a nation who made this very spot to reek with the martyr’s blood; and drowned, by the shout of a barbarous exultation, the departing sigh of the persecuted saint. Behold here the goodness and the severity of God!

Other monuments of antiquity are strewn in different parts of this city, which on another occasion may claim our notice; at present let us turn towards the celebrated Vatican, and Church of St. Peter, of which fame has so often brought to your ears, an almost incredible report: We

cross the Tiber on the Ponte St. Angelo, ornamented by Bernini, with several figures, each holding one of the instruments of cruelty by which the Saviour suffered. Near this bridge is the mausoleum of Adrian—converted into the Fort St. Angelo, to which the Popes can fly in the hour of danger, as it communicates with the Vatican by a covered way. Expectation is not fully satisfied with the first view of St. Peter's.—The dome seems descending as you draw near, and the wretched houses closing up the approach, diminish the effect which the first sight of such a structure should produce. But the mind soon looses itself in surveying so august an edifice, the work of so many ages, and such consummate art. From the extremities of its façade, two vast semi-circular colonnades, each comprising four ranges of pillars, surmounted by some hundreds of statues, extend themselves like two gigantic arms, eager, with monopolizing grasp, to take in a subjugated world. The portico is adorned at one end by a fine equestrian statue of Charlemagne, and at the other by that of Constantine, in the moment of his conversion; the labarum is suspended in the air, and he is just exclaiming, “thou hast conquered.” Five bronze doors, engraven with subjects from sacred history, admit the worshippers to as many aisles, each

seven hundred feet in length; and now we enter.

Here you may perceive the confluence of that wealth which the tributary world has for centuries paid to the insatiable despotism of Rome. Here you may behold the utmost stretch of human skill—pushed almost beyond its limits by the prospects held forth of unlimited indulgence. And here you may discover in this consummate work of papal ostentation, the genius of a religion, which, by dazzling the sense, overpowers the reason, and by throwing round the works of man, something of that wonder which belongs to the works of Nature, to carry on the great design of sitting in his temple, to be worshipped as a God.

If Statuary has been at any time taught to breathe—if Painting has ever introduced us to the scenes of distant ages—if its exquisite imitation in Mosaic, has at length bid defiance to the influence of decay; whatever these, with all their sister arts, can do to surprize the mind, and give magnificence to this world's most costly shrine, has been fully realized, in all the details of this imposing edifice. Beneath the dome stands the great canopy, or baldric, supported on brazen pillars; and a circular balustrade, on which numerous lamps continually burn, encloses the altar.

and St. Paul are deposited. The craftiness of men in advancing a system which tends to their own aggrandizement, made me incredulous, I confess, to the reality of the fact. Had the devil prevailed in his contest with \* Michael the Archangel, he would have built such a shrine as this, and bestowed upon it, "all the glory of the earth," in honor of the body of Moses. The devout men who carried Stephen to his burial, left the martyr's bones to repose in peace; nor would either Paul or Peter have sanctioned a superstitious veneration for bodies mouldering in the dust, which they rejected, when life spread its animation upon them—and when the Spirit of God, as upon the waters of creation, moved upon all the faculties of their soul.

Yet, here was I led to contemplate what sufferings they endured in the cause of truth—with what manliness they withstood the inroads of falsehood—how heavenly and how pure were the doctrines which they taught. And chiefly, how often they spurned away from them the paltry honours of atheistical delusion. This very Peter in a moment undeceives his Gentile convert, when he bends before him, "Rise, I myself also am a man." This very Paul, with a holy vehemence, breaks up the idolatrous adoration of the Lycaonians, saying, "Sirs, we are men of like passions

\* Vide Jude, 9.

onians, saying, "Sirs, we are men of like passions with you." We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus, our Lord, was the acknowledgement of an apostle: and when he found his converts to Christianity about to bestow on men the honors due to God, he asks, with sublime indignation at such impious reverence—Who, then, is Paul, or who is Apollos?

The tendency of every doctrine peculiar to the Church of Rome, is the exaltation of the priesthood. When worship ceases to be the peculiar of the deity, it may descend by an easy transition from the angel to the apostle—from the apostle to the saint—from the saint to his image, to his relic, and to his shrine: and if matter be adored, why may not the men from whom its honours flow, lay claim to the prerogatives of God, and pretend to be as infallible in their decisions, as supreme in their authority. But I must turn back from my digression.

Observing a crowd of people justling each other with the most eager emulation, I approach to see the object of such intense interest, and behold—they kiss the foot of an idol! The very statue which the heathens adored as Jupiter tonans, is now worshipped as the representative of the Roman Peter; the thunder-bolt of the one is exchanged for the keys of the other.—He

is exhibited as sitting; the bronze peculiarly black—the countenance awfully severe; and the projecting foot half worn by the reiterated greetings of its votaries. Here the clown impresses upon it a liquid salutation; and next the beau, politely wiping it with his handkerchief, invites the ladies to take precedence, and then gently touches it himself.

The subjugation of Rome to the yoke of ecclesiastical domination, is not merely effected by the thunders of the Vatican; but its bondage even wears the character of freedom, by the recurrent varieties of a theatrical religion. The proverbial indolence of the Italians is gratefully stimulated by the gentle movements of a procession; and the procession is graced by the purple of the prelates, the scarlet of the Cardinals, and the equivocal majesty of the Pope. A festival is, therefore, quite a gala-day. On such occasions the aisles of St. Peter's are strewn with bay-leaves—the walls hung with scarlet lining—an innumerable concourse of people attend—the whole college of Cardinals and priests move to sweetest notes of music, pass in procession round the colonnade, and thence proceed to the altar. The Pope is carried on a palanquin, richly trimmed with silken drapery, and waving at the top with ostrich plumes. Wherever he

wave, kneel before him ; the inferior clergy follow in the train, with lighted torches in the face of day ; and the Pope being borne to the great altar, upon the shoulders of his slaves, gives a hasty benediction, marks the air with a cross, and thence retires to the door where his carriage is in attendance to receive him. Much confusion prevails at such a finale of the scene : Cardinals and friars seek their respective abodes ; the one his palace—the other his convent, carefully extinguishing his candle, consigning it to the pocket of his cloak, to reserve it for some future occasion which may demand again his service and his light.

The antiquarian who is versed in the manners and customs of Pagan Rome, can easily detect the traces of her former superstition imprinted on her modern rites. The ancients, amid all their darkness, were “feeling after, if haply they might find” the ways of God ; but awfully aggravated is the guilt when an age, on which the luminary of heaven, (the revelation of God,) has beamed, should affect a worship which his Word disclaims ; and try to eclipse the solar light with the glimmering candle of human invention. Farewell.

I am, &c.

## LETTER XXII.

Rome.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE not spoken much of Raphael; but then I had not seen his compositions at Rome. Here he has exhibited a richness of genius peculiar to himself; and the Vatican, which adjoins St. Peter's Cathedral, is the field on which his talents have been chiefly engaged.

In a gallery, called the Loggia, leading to the apartments of this palace, he has given the fullest scope to his lively imagination, in a composition by which that gallery is adorned, denominated the Arabesks of Raphael. These arabesks, if not the invention of Raphael, possess the merit of originality, by the improvements which he has made upon the ancient workmanship. They may be regarded as the exuberant overflowings of a fertile genius; like those fairy dreams, which cause innumerable objects to flit across imagination, without any reference to each other, or any consistency with the orderly course of nature. The artist, it appears, in his moments of recreation, here brought his pencil, and as fancy guided it, he here deposited her wild, though interesting, vagaries. But their exposure

to the open air, has robbed them of much of that colouring with which once they were invested.

Advancing through this gallery, the Loggia, to the Chambers of the Vatican, we behold in fresco, the works which have raised a monument to his fame; and his accurate imitation of nature in the delineation of various passions upon the human countenance, seems to be his grand claim for the tribute of our praise. In one chamber are represented several remarkable events in the history of Constantine; the miraculous vision of the Cross—his combat with Mexentius—the presentation to the Pope of the emblematic world—and his receiving the communion from the hands of St. Sylvester. Raphael, in the several groups connected with these subjects, has taken occasion to introduce the renowned characters of the day in which he lived. I shall not dwell upon all the contents of these interesting apartments, through the fear of burdening you with that prolixity which could only be removed by your personal observation. But you will indulge me in drawing your attention to such as engaged my own in an especial manner.

The first I would advert to, is the imprisonment of St. Peter, and his subsequent miraculous

liberation. The apostle is seen through the grated window of his dungeon ; the presence of the angel diffuses around a ray of splendour, which chases off the gloom, and beams the joy of heaven upon the astonished prisoner. The moon without, casts its pale lustre upon the face of Nature, and the torches of the quaternions, spread a lurid glare upon their stern features. The distribution of so many and such various lights in the same piece, is itself replete with ingenuity independently of the other circumstances by which it is distinguished.

The next you are to notice, is the school of Athens, where its poets, orators, and philosophers are presented to our view, not as in the Stoa or Pœcile, but sequestered in some happy region—far from the tumult of the world—in which they can indulge the unalloyed enjoyment of intellectual converse. Here, too, our author has invested his cotemporary friends and patrons, with the learned Stole. In the foreground stands Parnassus, on which Apollo sits, surrounded by the Muses.

The last chamber contains another performance of Raphael, in which he has put forth the utmost efforts of his imaginative genius. It is the bursting forth of fire in the vicinity of the Vatican. The descriptive powers of Virgil in

his narrative of the fate of Troy, are not more natural, than the scenes which are here called up to view. The fire breaks out at midnight, and at a moment so unprepared, the alarmed inhabitants seem overwhelmed with dismay—in the foreground a mother, with her two naked little ones, is seen escaping the flames, while the melancholy expression of her looks seems to intimate that some precious pledge is wanting. At one of the houses to which the fire fast approaches, a parent is employing every nerve to stretch up to the infant, which the mother gently hands to him, regardless of her own safety; and beside him who stretches upward for the child, another man hangs full length downward, clinging with his hands to the top of the lofty parapet, over which he has this moment effected his escape. The artist has admirably represented, in these two figures, the precise muscular extension in their two opposite positions. Far behind the Pope appears upon the walls—with ingenious flattery the painter makes the flames and fire to subside: the fervency of his supplication for deliverance from the calamity, is associated with the confiding homage of the kneeling multitude. One mother sits, and presses to her bosom, the rescued child; so absorbed in contemplating the gift, as to forget,

for a moment, the hand which gave. Pardon so lengthened an account of these works of Raphael; but so near to actual life are you brought, by his subjects and execution, that it has led me into details more minute than I feel authorized to indulge.

The paintings which have been restored by the English, after the surrender of Paris, are not as yet arranged in their respective places; they are now lying on the ground. But the fame of "his transfiguration" induced me to examine it apart from the others, although to less advantage than were it hung in its proper light; you would be disposed, on seeing it, to say, that it was designed by genius, and directed by the hand of religion. The bodies are irradiated as with the brightness of glory, and seem liberated from every tie of earth. The three disciples, overwhelmed with the effulgence, are shading their eyes from its splendour, with outspread hands; while the contrasted scene of human misery, exhibited on the lower part of the mount, in the case of the demoniac, leaves on the mind, that humbling sense of human infirmity, which in this instance, as well as in every other, is the best plea to the compassion of Him who is alone mighty to save.

I shall not detain you further; but must

claim your indulgence for my diffuse descriptions of performances, which require to be seen to be adequately admired. However, if I cannot convey to you the pleasure I have received, I have said enough to induce you to sympathize with

Your Faithful,

&c. &c.

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### LETTER XXIII.

Rome.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT pleases me much to take a solitary ramble through this city, and to trace out the vestiges of its yet interesting ruins. The Temple of Janus preserves its quadruple front ; and the Cloaca Maxima, which so admirably contributed to the health and cleanliness of the ancient city, may still be seen. Though the yellow Tiber often rises above its banks, inundating the lower parts of the town, it has not yet borne away the interesting relic of the Temple of Vesta. This little building is a beautiful specimen of ancient architecture ; built on the spot where the cradle of Romulus, and the destinies of the future empire, were exposed to the violence of the stream.

On the Palatine mount an enormous mass of ruin was once the magnificent residence of the Cæsars. As I felt desirous of surveying a seat where meditation is furnished with rich materials, I ascended some broken steps, and on raising my eyes, saw a large serpent rolling towards its hiding place ; it was basking in the sun, amid the green brambles which overspread the ruins. The labourer has reared his humble habitation with the fragments which he finds so thickly strewn around : and amid these chambers of ancient royalty, the outlawed assassin often lurks by night. This, then, was the mansion of him who burned his metropolis to gain space enough for his habitation : “ How art thou fallen, Lucifer ! How art thou cut down, thou that didst weaken the nations ! For thou hast said in thy heart—I will exalt my throne above the stars of God.”

The Via Appia is still adorned with the tombs of the ancients : it was their custom to remove the remains of the dead to the suburbs of the city. Some of these vast monuments were, in feudal times, converted into places of defence ; of which, that raised by the wealthy Crassus, in honour of Cæcilia Metella, still exists as a remarkable specimen. In passing along this highway, the mind is very forcibly called back to

these times, when all was once life and activity, called back too by that very silence and desolation which reign around.

The great hyppodrome of Caracalla, where emulation, and the love of fame, once set all in vivid motion, is now covered with weeds and briars. Yet, even still it exhibits the leading features of its original design. The seats are here, which once were crowded with the admirers of the chariot-race—the stage where the “arbiter ludorum” sat presiding—the very path-way which has oft resounded with the burning wheel and the hoof of the panting steed; and a little beyond is seen the double temple by which the conqueror must pass—instructing him that first he must enter the vestibule of Virtue, before he can arrive at the shrine of honour.

Descending hence a gentle declivity, where again and again we stop to look upon many an interesting relic, we at length reach the celebrated temple of the Nymph Egeria. Here Numa Pompilius was wont to drink of that stream of wisdom by which he taught his unformed people the blessings of peace. It is, indeed, a spot well suited to meditation; the pendent shrubs form a graceful festoon across its front, and although the taste of a succeeding age raised the columns, of which we still see the

remains, yet, the unadorned grotto was more agreeable to the taste of Juvenal, and perhaps of its royal visitor, when its limpid stream was freely left to flow, than when it was impeded in its course by the marble basin wherein it was afterwards forced to play. The valley in which it is situated, is delightfully romantic, or the impression left on my mind induced me to think so. And although I passed the temple which marks the place where Hannibal retreated from Rome, I cannot allow the thoughts of war, or military glory, to interrupt the serene retrospect of these distant scenes, when this great city, then in its infancy, was nurtured by the paternal tenderness of Numa, or the wise counsels of Egeria.

On returning to the city, I observe that the huts of the peasants, on the road side, are adorned with the fragments of ancient palaces and temples, which he meets beneath the earth in his daily cultivation of the soil.

In passing (on our return to the city) the very ancient church of St. Sebastian, my notice was directed to a spot where scenes of a far different interest took place. Here (as I was told) in the more desolating ages of heathen persecution against the religion of Jesus, the flame of vital Christianity, as practised in the three first

centuries, was secretly kept alive. The constancy of the primitive Christians to that faith which was once, and only once, delivered to the saints, stemmed that torrent of hostility which would have quenched it in the martyr's blood : these subterraneous vaults were then the temples of their worship ; temples more adorned by the charities of the gospel—more blessed by the promised presence of their Lord, than the pompous structures of more prosperous times—there did the saints of old assemble themselves together, to hold communion with their God, and with one another—to offer none other sacrifice than that of praise and thanksgiving—to unite in singing, with melody in their hearts, to the Lord ; and as the Sacred Volume lay upon the table where they broke the bread, and drank of the fruit of the vine in commemoration of a Saviour's dying love, they read or heard from its inspired page, the words of eternal life.

The admirer of the fine arts would not be satisfied to leave this city, without again retracing his footsteps to the Vatican, for the purpose of inspecting some of the galleries in which the more valuable collections are deposited. The reigning Pope, Pius VII. has added to its interest and its value, by the new gallery Chiaramonte, called after his original name ; but the

mind is likely to be altogether engrossed with the combination of wonderful monuments contained in the gallery Clementine. Here, amid innumerable combinations of genius and of skill, the eye singles out at once the Apollo of Belvedere ; a work which conveys to the mind all that statuary is enabled to effect. He is represented as standing in an erect and imposing attitude ; a sublime displeasure marks a countenance the most dignified, and the whole form is so disencumbered, that it resembles less a material being than some sublimer personage of etherial mould : it is designed, however, as a copy of the human frame in its most symmetrical perfection.

In surveying this representation of man's corporeal frame, my mind was summoned to praise the creative power of the Almighty who so wonderfully combines, in all its faculties and its members, the most essential usefulness with the most beautiful proportions : I speak in the abstract ; for although sin has disfigured our lower world, and has not spared its constituted lords, yet even still the traces of primeval glory may be distinctly seen. You see it in the adaptation of every member to its use, and in the nice proportion of the parts to one another, as well as to the whole—you see it in the graceful inflections of the flowing line along the outward

frame—you see it in the construction of the organs ; and above all you see it in the faculties of the mind, beaming as they do in such works of art as this—the emanation of taste uniting with sense of beauty, to embody itself in the conception of the Belvedere Apollo.

Our interest is next awakened by the group consisting of Laocoon and his sons, in the agonizing embrace of the two serpents. The countenance of the father is convulsed with agony, and every nerve is writhing with torture, as closer and closer still, they coil around. He sees them clinging to his boys, and tries to grasp their bristling heads ; but the doom of one dear object is already fixed, and with a look of horror, he anticipates the frightful end which just awaits the other. Feeling carries off the mind while it contemplates the supplicating aspect of the child, and the impotent anxiety of the parent. I cannot convey to you a just idea of this affecting exhibition ; you must refer to your favourite Virgil, both for its model and its description.

Other highly interesting works complete this fine collection ; I shall select but a few as representations of the whole :—

Canova, who still lives, is perhaps the most successful artist of modern times ; a Perseus, holding the head of Medusa, proves him to have

wrought with a Grecian chissel, and his residence in England suggested to him the idea of "the boxers," which are here represented with a fidelity—honourable to him as an artist—disgraceful to us as a nation. Successive galleries display their treasures, till the mind becomes fatigued with admiration. The most extensive is that of Belvedere; so denominated from the delightful view which its windows command: Here are collected antiques; both the monuments of heathen superstition, as well as those which have a reference to the earlier ages of Christianity; here are Etrurian vases, and various implements of domestic economy made use of by the ancients. The smaller apartment at the end of this suite, contains modern ornamental works, in jasper and precious stones; among which, are two candelabra, on the ancient model, of blue porcelain and gold, which the ex-Emperor Napoleon presented to the Pope.

It is time to take leave of this microcosm of curiosities; and in the hope that you may not repent having accompanied me through some of its objects, I shall conclude,

Yours, &c.

## LETTER XXIV.

Rome.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE ostentatious character of the religion of Rome; the facilities afforded by the genius of its inhabitants, and the productions of its soil; the influx of foreign wealth, by the promise of indulgence held out to the visitors of its stately shrines; the desire of emulating its ancient magnificence, and the extravagant pride of pontifical supremacy, have all contributed to enrich this city with superb cathedrals and princely palaces. Although the super-eminent grandeur of St. Peter's and the Vatican may render the taste fastidious as to the rest, yet, were these to be seen in any other part of Europe, they would excite the attention of all who derive pleasure from examining the productions of art.

We may easily account for so much splendour in the temples of a religion, which demands the aid of all that is calculated to affect the senses of its votaries; but we must look to other causes for the origin of palaces, so enormous in their extent, and so costly in their decorations.

The pontiff, who to his spiritual, unites the

power and riches of temporal authority, is often, from the lowest station in society, elevated to the Popedom, through all the stages of ecclesiastical dignity : the celibacy to which he is doomed enables him to select, among his poorer relatives, the favourite, who, as the appendage of royalty, is invested with the wealth, perhaps the title of a Prince ; palaces are soon erected with this ephemeral opulence ; the advanced years of the pontiff soon, however, stop the source from which these sudden honours flow ; and the consequence is this, that the city abounds with magnificent edifices, which their possessors have either been obliged to abandon, or, in some cases, to partake with the exhibitor of their galleries, the gratuity which is bestowed by the strangers who inspect their contents.

I shall now endeavour to conduct you to visit some of the other churches and palaces to which I have alluded. Santa Maria Maggiore stands on the ancient Esquiline hill ; presenting two very fine façades ; one of which, is adorned with a portico of eight marble columns, each of one piece, and the interior of the church is divided into five aisles. This, and the Cathedral of St. John Lateran, are equally rich in their exterior and internal decorations. In the former are the splendid repositories of the remains of Sixtus

VIII. and of the family of Borgese ; in front of Santa Maria Maggiore stands the statue of a female figure, on a fine Corinthian column, intended to represent the Virgin-patroness of the church ; an Egyptian obelisk stands before the other front of the building ; not so valuable (though very fine) as that which adorns the front of St. Peter's, on which the hieroglyphics are peculiarly distinct.

The other churches of Rome are not to be compared to these in magnificence or size ; several, however, are possessed of objects equally deserving your regard. A colossal statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo, said to be one of his first performances, is seen in St. Pietro in Vinculis : he is represented as seated ; holding the two tables of the law ; a venerable majesty pervades his countenance—an unbending fidelity marks its every feature ; he seems ready, in obedience to the supreme command, to pronounce upon the transgressor the awful curse, yet seems, with more grateful compliance, to point to an obedient people the rich inheritance of the promised land.

Santa Maria degli Angeli is a superb temple, and contains the original paintings, of which the copies, in Mosaic, adorn the Vatican : but, although the number and costliness of these

structures are entitled to a more minute detail, I must cease to overpower you with an account of places, whose only defect consists in an almost fatiguing magnificence.

The same observation might apply to the several palaces which I was led to visit; you will bear with me, however, while I call your attention to a few, among the many objects which more particularly attracted my notice. Guido, so justly admired as a painter, has but seldom, if at all, been introduced to your notice: it is much to be lamented, that some of the compositions of this distinguished artist should prove an abuse of the splendid talents with which he was endowed, in the selection of subjects, revolting to every delicate chord of a well-toned heart; justice, however, leads me to say, that such instances are rare, and that the finest taste is exhibited in almost all his productions. In the Pallavicini palace, we must particularly notice his representation of "Phœbus ushering in the day." Seated in a chariot, which moves upon the orient clouds; the light of his presence gilds the surrounding objects, and diffuses a smile of joy upon the countenances of the attendant Hours; these blooming sisters, united hand in hand, glide on in graceful majesty, beaming with the shining characters of youth, health,

and beauty : others, almost enveloped in the gloom behind, advance in order towards the realm of light ; while Aurora goes before, strewing flowers upon the earth, and the breath of morn already ruffles the flowing drapery of the Hours which come on. The chaste and poetical character of this subject, is only to be rivalled by the consummate skill displayed in its execution ; it arrests attention the more forcibly, as the ideas it conveys are so natural and so delightful.

Guido again invites us : A mother is seated amid her five lovely children ; one is cherished in her bosom, and tries to win her notice by holding to her view a full-blown flower ; another bends to intercept its progress, that he may catch the fragrant sweets ; a third, having struck the cymbal, wonders at the sound himself had made ; while his brother smiles to see his ruddy cheek reflected from its surface ; and the fifth casts a longing, wistful eye, upon the tempting cherry, held above its lips ; thus has our ingenious author pictured to our view the five senses.

The crucifixion of Christ is the most solemn subject for the contemplation of a Christian ; Guido has too faithfully portrayed the agonized feelings of the Divine original ; the pain of death

is awfully contrasted with the meek expression of his resignation. It surely cannot be, that the pencil of this author was guided by any feeling than that which emanated from a sympathizing heart; it cannot be, that his success is to be attributed to the dreadful cause which was assigned by my conductor; it cannot be, that the hand of Guido coolly plunged a dagger in the heart of one, who bound himself to a cross as a model for the crucifixion; and that then he caught from the dying man these expressions of convulsive agony so greatly realized in his performance. No, it cannot be; bad as nature is, its current could not run so cold in the heart of one, who could feel as Guido elsewhere shews he felt. It may be, that some admirer, by the ill-judged invention, complimented his genius at the expence of his reputation.

But I must cease; even what might please would cloy, when too much indulged; and shall conclude as ever,

Your's, &c.

## LETTER XXVII.

Rome.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU might with justice regard me as insensible to the charms of poetry, and as wanting in respect towards the great masters of ancient song, did I leave this place without visiting those scenes, which both awakened and re-echoed the classic lyre. The lyric strains of Horace have resounded from the groves of Tivoli, and swelled along the borders of Albunea;—you will, not with reluctance, bear me company to the very scenes which the eye of this enraptured poet has so oft admired.

Tivoli lies about sixteen miles from Rome. A young gentleman, a native of Scotland, possessing ample stores of classical attainment and natural love of poetry, proposed that we should visit it together; his conversation beguiled the uninteresting journey through the Campagna di Roma, which is a neglected desert. We pass the Solfatara, whose yellow waters are impregnated with brimstone, and also the Lago di Tartaro, which deposits upon its banks a calcareous substance with the ebbing of the waves. The sepulchre of the Plautian family next ap-

pears in view, and soon we arrive at the ancient Villa of Adrian. This emperor of the Roman world, after much of his life had been spent campaigning in distant lands, here fixed his abode ; whatever he had admired of genius or of architecture in the countries through which he passed, were caused, as it were, to be transported by the most exact and successful imitation : the Grecian Circus—the Athenian Hippodrome—the Philosophic Stoa—were here concentrated :—all once was life and regal grandeur ; but we may now wander amid the remains of arched libraries, the temples of the seven Sages, of Apollo and the Muses, and nought but ghastly Ruin sits as sovereign here ! Some polished fragments still mark out the mansion of Adrian : the apartments allotted for the imperial guards may still be traced ; but the wild-brier revels with luxuriance, where the march of triumph moved along, and where the language of authority was only heard. Enough remains, it is true, to give imagination an ample scope—enough, to give reflection its most serious hue ; we wander through a wilderness where once a garden smiled, and through the abodes of death and devastation, where all was once so busy in the pursuit of literature, or the enjoyment of recreative mirth ;—it is the hand of an All-wise

Providence which dispenses or withdraws our every blessing ! The history of this sovereign, with reference to the progress of Christianity, when recalled to memory, in connexion with such a scene, almost forces the mind to believe that, the Most High God has indented upon these ruins the visible memorials of a retributive Justice.

In visiting Tivoli, I only wanted the pleasure of your society to complete my satisfaction ; for then would I be spared attempting to describe what surpasses the powers of description. The town is seated upon the classic Anio ; the Anio gently glides along until it gains the precipice, thence does it thunder to the abyss below ; soon it is lost to view, as it sinks into the subterraneous cavern of Albunea ; but re-appears once more amid the groves of olive, and once more gently rolls along the plains.

Remember that the Genius of ancient poetry contemplated once those very scenes, wandered amid these groves, sat admiring that waterfall, as it dashed through the grotto of Neptune, and watched the mists and showers around his throne, rising to intercept the sun-beam and to crown him with the splendour of its refracted rays. Could I open to your view the successive beauties which this scene unfolds,

I should likewise point out to you the partly-ruined temple of the Sybil standing upon the height of the precipice ; I should lead you to the palace of Mæcenas, and the remains of the interesting Tiburnum ; you should take into your view the ruins, where the residence of Varo stood, and the walls of that retreat which received Catullus in its bosom : your ear should hearken to the solemn melody of the waters, which makes solitude more lonely, and scarcely startles silence ; and your mind should recall the impressions, associated with these scenes, which the studies of our youthful days have nearly realized.

A venerable old man, fully capable of assisting our enquiries, conducted us in our visit to the Cascadelles ; having made himself an adept in all that could gratify the taste or curiosity of a stranger, we derived from his guidance the greatest satisfaction : he passed no scene—no point of view, unheeded by ; he could quote every line of ancient and modern poetry which referred to, or were associated with them ; and thus were we privileged to visit a spot which, whether we contemplate the beauties of Nature, or meditate upon these powers of mind which were equally the work of God, combines many

a present charm with many a pleasing recollection.

We return to Rome ; and before my departure from it, I would conclude with a few desultory remarks. Some other public buildings of this city, besides those which have been mentioned, have the appearance of grandeur ; but the indolence of the people connected with them, is but too plainly seen in the want of cleanliness which prevails throughout. A Corso leads through the centre of Rome, whither (as in other Italian cities) the nobility repair at evening. Many of the piazze, or public squares, are adorned with ancient columns or superb fountains ; the pillars of Trajan and Antoninus are still preserved, and some of the fountains are highly ornamental : the design of one is to exhibit its water issuing as from the rock smitten by the rod of Moses, and another exhibits Neptune in his chariot surrounded by his Tritons, as if upon his native element.

The religious festivals at Rome are exhibited to the people with an imposing eclat ; on some occasions the ceremony is performed in the open air ; a temporary altar is erected in the Piazza Colonna ; the houses in the streets through which the procession moves, are decorated with scarlet lining ; a band of music goes before the Pope,

and the orders of his clergy occupy their proper place; the Pope attains the altar—the people with uncovered heads kneel before him. Happy if to God alone, the Lord of that beauteous firmament spread above their heads—happy if to him alone, the Redeemer and Sanctifier of his people, they bent the prostrate knee—happy if from hearts renewed, an exclusive homage were given to that God ! but here at once you see the praise of men preferred to the praise of God : the eye of clerical ambition looks up to the superior with wishful expectation ; the complimentary salutation of the inferior is more like to the act of adoration than a tribute of respect ; the knee of the Priest is bent before the Prelate, the Prelate bends before his Patron Cardinal, and the Cardinal prostrates himself before the Pope, impressing upon his shoe a pious kiss ; all this seems to emanate from the worship of saints and angels ; for if once the honours of divinity are given to the creature, man will soon learn to exalt himself above all that is called God.

The monuments of Roman ingenuity, as specimens of the fine arts, deserve the notice of the traveller ; but when the native of Britain calls to mind the land where he has breathed the air of civil and religious freedom, he can

leave these monuments without regret, which are as much the effects of a luxurious slavery as of taste and genius. Hence I proceed to Naples, where I hope again to address you. In the mean time be assured of the affection of

Your's, &c.

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## LETTER XXVIII.

Naples.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE ancient Appian way received us amid its ruinous tombs and aqueducts, as we directed our attention towards the Neapolitan territories. These aqueducts are of prodigious extent ; but while they evince the riches and industry of the people by whom they were constructed, they also prove their ignorance of these useful inventions, by which water might have been brought to the capital, in a far less cumbersome and expensive way.

At Albano remains the old Mausoleum in which the Horatii and Curiatii were interred ; its situation in the centre of the road was, perhaps, intended to excite heroic images in the mind of a patriotic people.

The Modicum Hospitium of Aricia merits the

appellation as much as in the days of Horace ; and like him, the traveller may refresh himself at the fountain which has played since the time when he passed by. At the Veletri one of the princes of Naples arrived as we did, who incensed the host by the trifling remuneration he received for his attention.

The Pontine marshes are not so formidable as I was led to expect. The banditti, it is true, occasionally infest the high-way ; but the traveller finds no difficulty in procuring an escort, which is quite necessary ; and one is agreeably surprised, in such a place, to find the road richly shaded on each side by a fine range of trees. The cattle which graze upon the sedgy produce of this morass, are altogether wild ; and even the inhabitants appear almost in a state of natural incultivation.

At Terracino are the ruins of the palace of Theodoric, who once bore the sway over this part of Italy. Fundi is a miserable place on the confines of the Papal and Neapolitan territories. At Itri is the tomb of Cicero ; and here the country assumes a richer aspect, by reason of the vineyards and olive groves which are spread around. The peasantry too, especially the females, are dressed with peculiar taste. Gaieta, on the sea-shore, was the first place which re-

ceived Æneas after he had finished his many adventures by sea and land ; and, as we advance toward Naples, the country is more beautiful and fertile. Crossing the Garigliano on a bridge of boats we arrive at Capua, whose former luxury, by enervating Hannibal, saved Rome ; but at present not even the fragments of comfort are to be found. At length we meet so many light vehicles, called Caratelle, and the people so numerous, that we soon find ourselves amid the streets and crowded populace of Naples.

Naples, on her magnificent bay, presides over as interesting objects of natural curiosity as can well be collected within the compass of one horizon. It is sheltered from the violence of the ocean by the islands which stretch across the entrance of the bay ; and as one side presents Vesuvius threatening continually, by its volcanic eruptions, the inhabitants at its base, the other is softened by the contrasted beauties of the shore, called Mergelina, and the interesting heights of Pausilyppo.

I shall not now confine you, in such a climate as this, to the walls of an oppressive city, but shall invite your attention to some of the very interesting objects which the environs of Naples present. The ancient cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum deserve our earliest regard ; having

been destroyed by the lava which rolled from the crater of Vesuvius, we consequently take the road, which lies in the direction of that mountain. Pompeii is about sixteen or eighteen miles from Naples; but the expedition of the caratellas, drawn by Calabrian ponies, renders that distance an inconsiderable journey. Along the base of Vesuvius we behold in all directions the traces of its desolating eruptions, in the ruin of habitations, and in the black and sterile lava with which the country is overspread. At length we reach Pompeii; what an awful picture of destruction is here presented to our view!—An entire city buried in one shower of cinders—in a moment overwhelmed by a flood of burning lava!—So suddenly too, that it surprised at midnight the sleeping inhabitants.

At the entrance of that portion which has been excavated by the avarice or curiosity of after times, a piazza of small pillars marks out the dwellings of the Military; farther on are seen its amphitheatres, its streets, and its temples; the houses of the nobility are still adorned with beautiful specimens of ancient taste; and in the shops of the artist may still be seen some of the more durable implements of trade. At every step we tread amid these walls, the contemplation of that awful night of woe recurs, with all its

horrors, to the mind ! nor can the utmost efforts of imagination realize the awful features of such a scene. Our guide points out the very spots to which the distracted people fled for refuge ; and it is said, that when the bodies were discovered they still retained the complexion and the dress of the very moment when they fled ; exposed to the air, the charm was dissolved, and, like the fabled manes of the dead, they shrunk at once from the inauspicious glare of day—"ashes to ashes"—or, "as the baseless fabric of a vision," these shadowy forms vanished into air.

Although the houses are small and inconvenient, we find in many of them the marks of peculiar elegance. The floors of such are ornamented with mosaic ; on their walls are painted the subjects which gave the Pompeians of that day, the most lively interest. In one is exhibited the story of Acteon pursued by his own dogs, at the instigation of the modest, yet unrelenting Diana ; in another, Mars, after the fatigue of battle, reclines his head upon his consort's knee, and the winged youths play with his ponderous armour ; some push along the helmet, others ride a-straddle on the sword, or try to roll the full-orbed buckler. The other ancient ornaments of this sort consist of light figures of animals.

The temple of Isis is also small but finished with consummate taste ; its portico is in fine proportion ; around its court were chambers for the accommodation of the priest, which unite with the small recess in which he concealed himself as often as he wished to impose on the credulity of the people, by delivering the oracle in the name of the idol. Other similar temples are interspersed amid these ruins ; but the one awful catastrophe awaited, at the same moment, the idols, the temples, and the worshippers !

In the house of a nobleman, we discover the lectisternia on which the guests reclined when indulging in the luxuries of the table ; here too is a flower-stand which exhaled its perfumes, and regaled them by its fragrance ; in his vaults are the wine-flasks, and hither, we are told, the master fled at the crisis of the terrible visitation.

We pass the city-gate, in which we see the groove for the portcullis, and find ourselves among the tombs of the wealthy citizens, which were reared by the hand of weeping friendship : the inscriptions are still legible, especially on that of Caius Quito ; several are constructed in a semi-circular form, provided with seats for sorrow or meditation. Here, indeed, a sad, yet sacred, contemplation can find ample scope for indulgence. The moment when all were saying “ peace and

safety," was the melancholy moment of their visitation : it came like "a thief in the night" to break in upon their pleasures and pursuits ; and while the world, as in the days of Noah, were heedless or ignorant of its approach, it surprised them with all the horrors of a burning desolation. Oh, may we, in that solemn hour which is at hand, when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat—when the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up," find a city of refuge to flee to ; that city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God !

Your's, &c.

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## LETTER XXIX.

Naples.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE other ancient city to which I invited your attention was the city of Herclaneum, a city which also suffered from the eruptions of Vesuvius ; it is now below the surface of the earth, and we descend a flight of steps in order to reach the level of its streets. The city of Portici is built upon the very site beneath which the city of Herculaneum is now buried ; and whilst visiting its ruins and its amphitheatres

below, we hear the sound of horses and chariots as they roll along the streets above. Herculaneum possesses not the same interest as Pompeii; its situation is not so romantic, and there exists an apprehension of pushing the research after its antiquities too far, lest the king's palace, which is built upon it, should at length be undermined and sink into its ruins. The remains of an amphitheatre are shown, and several inscriptions indicate it to have been a place of considerable note;—that it was a place of literary importance is attested by the number of manuscripts which have been rescued from its ashes. The city of Portici contains an extensive collection of ancient paintings discovered here and in Pompeii. When a due allowance has been made for the influence of time, and the effects of volcanic heat upon such fading and perishable materials, much remains to gratify the admirer of antiquity and the fine arts: the designs are conformable to the prevailing taste of the period when their respective authors flourished: a satyr in the company of a goat, a mask or caricature, a Sappho and Phaon, seem to have been their favourite subjects. Such is Portici; built upon the ruins of an excavated city, threatened on the one side

by the fires of Vesuvius, and on the other by the Mediterranean Sea.

Before I left this neighbourhood it was expedient to undertake the arduous task of visiting the crater of the Volcano. Being provided with mules, we traverse at first, a country rich in pomegranates, vines, and olives ; but, somewhat like the poetical transition from paradise to earth, we are soon obliged to tread a black and sterile plain ; it seems to have been deluged by a flood of lava, which, issuing from the burning crater, precipitately rushed along, regardless of vineyards or of villages, and ceased not till it was quenched by the foaming waters of the ocean. Great must be the shock when in thundering conflict these rival elements clashed together—the burning lava invading the exhaustless deep !

Leaving our mules at the foot of the mountain, it was with some difficulty we climbed the almost perpendicular ridge, whose rough projections served to secure our feet and employ our hands in the ascent. The desire of gratifying my curiosity gave redoubled elasticity to my limbs ; and although I stopped at intervals, it was not so much the effect of fatigue, as of an anxiety to admire the magnificent scene which the bay exhibits from such a commanding height.

The works of men are lost amid the grandeur of God's creation ! Naples and its extensive range of villas, upon the water's edge, sink into insignificance, while the eye passes o'er the mountains, which frown so awfully with iron brow ; while it expands across the out-spreading ocean, takes in on the one hand the azure Apennines gilded by the setting sun, and on the other the verdant heights of Pausilyppo.

We reach the solitary hermitage which stands upon the only spot defended from the desolating terrors of Vesuvius ; an over-hanging promontory divides and wards away the threatening deluge ; here we willingly partake a grateful refreshment of oranges and wine. At length we gain the summit. It is a plain of sulphur smoking from the effects of a recent eruption. There are several chasms in the mountain, which give vent to the inward conflagrations ; but the great crater is situated on the top of a hillock, formed by the throes with which itself is labouring. Amid a shower of cinders thrown up with the smoke which issues forth in heavy volumes, I ventured, from the windward, to the crater's brink. The recollection of Herculaneum and Pompeii—the frightful aspect of all around—brought home the most awful impressions, while contemplating the very source whence such melancholy con-

sequences flowed. Oh, if now the Mighty Being it obeys, but speak the word—but loosed its bonds, and let it forth—dreadful result! No, that voice which says to the ocean, “Hitherto shalt thou go and no further—here shall thy proud waves be stayed,” subdues its violence, and commands it into peace. The wind shifting a little, a breath of sulphurous smoke warns us to withdraw;—its sullen roars grow louder—we descend. Our descent along the pulverized lava, tenacious enough to prevent the feet from falling, yet so loose and fine as to accelerate our motion, had all the rapidity of flight. What an engine of destruction here uplifts itself with towering majesty! fixed in a land that teems with all the bounties of creation, given by that Sovereign Lord of all, who gives, that himself may be glorified in his gifts; but where his blessings are abused, or his forbearance set at nought, makes ready his weapons of retribution when a nation’s crime calls on judgment to begin!

We return to Naples by the light of the moon, whose mild ray illuminated, at the same time, the resounding ocean, and the menacing Vesuvius. Grateful, indeed, did I feel to that benign and powerful Saviour, whose hand has thus far guided me through life. I shall leave you to

sympathize in my feelings, and to supply, by the vigour of your imagination, what I have designedly left to its exercise,

And remain,

&c. &c.

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### LETTER XXX.

Naples.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING tasted the charms of ancient poetry, you would not excuse me were I to pass unnoticed the venerable tomb where the shade of Virgil is said, by his admirers, still to hover; or where at least some charm is to be found, which induces the visitor of Naples to undertake its pilgrimage. I leave then the unmeaning procession of this idle people along the crowded Chiaga, to penetrate the silent mansions of the mighty dead. Ascending the mountain of Pausilyppo, you would turn, again and again, to admire the spacious prospects which enlarge, in proportion to the heights we gain. A garden, shaded by the profuse and luxuriant intermixture of trees and flowers, is the chosen repository of this celebrated tomb, which is tottering beneath the pressure of so many ages—almost

buried with the shrubs, which, while they add to the beauty, tend to hasten its decay. A situation, such as this, is associated with all those feelings of interest, which the recollection of our youthful studies is apt to engender. Here lay the bard, who tuned his lyre amid the din of arms, and calmed his monarch's bosom with the melody of song—who bid his country turn the sword into a pruning-hook, and almost caught the spirit of Isaiah when singing the advent of the Prince of Peace\*—who led his hero through many a labyrinth—and shed a brighter lustre still, upon the annals and the dignity of Rome!

A laurel has for many ages thrown its shade upon the tomb. The enthusiastic veneration of our literary countrymen has plucked its leaves and cut its branches nearly to the root; but its honour shall be restored by the same Nature, whose charms this poet has so sweetly sung; and the laurel shall once more bestow its venerable shade, and the unfading tribute of its verdure upon the memory of this Prince of poets.

Descending to the church of Piedemonte, we enter the celebrated grotto of Pausilyppo—a work worthy the Roman age. The road is cut

\* Vide Pollio.

through and through the mountain; it is lighted by some lamps, and by two vast apertures in the roof. Naples was partly built of the materials taken from its excavation; but the original design of the great work, was to form an easy communication between the city and that part of the country situated at the farther side of the mountain.

Having passed through the grotto, a rich and luxuriant plain admits us. The tall grain is shaded by rows of poplar which are linked by the vines, as in other parts of Italy, hanging from tree to tree in rich festoons.

The lake Agnano is surrounded with hills, whose verdure is only interrupted by the sulphureous exhalations which issue from the earth. At Solfatara it continually oozes out, and wherever the vegetation tries to invade that region, it is quickly repelled by the scorching heat beneath its surface. The Piscina of Lucullus were probably the ruins of ancient baths; the vapour which breathes forth from its neighbourhood is so heated, as to be intolerable to the human frame; the several successive chambers of the Piscina afford gradually lesser degrees of heat; and invalids resort to these baths of Nature with the most beneficial effects. The Grotto del Cane exhibits an extraordinary influence

upon the animal frame. No visible peculiarity is noticed, until a dog is for a short time held in the grotto; it first became strongly convulsed, then grew faint, and lastly had all the appearance of death; on being taken out and laid on the ground it gradually revived, till at last the poor animal jumped about with every demonstration of joy, as if feeling itself delivered from the deadly power of some supernatural spell. A lighted torch is extinguished on being held near the floor of this singular cave; and we were informed that it deadens the report of a pistol shot.

Proceeding a considerable way along this road we arrive at Puteoli, now Puzzoli, the neighbourhood of which affords many interesting objects of antiquity; hither the wealthier citizens of Rome were wont to repair, when they sought a shelter in the refreshing temperature of the sea-breeze, and in the coolness of a country scene, from the oppression of a city burning beneath the rays of the summer sun. Its beautiful scenery exhibits at every step the most agreeable landscapes. If every spot of this interesting country was associated with the memory of their departed heroes, surely a Christian's mind will survey it with peculiar interest, as the haven which received the Apostle of the Gentiles on his way to Rome; hither he was wafted by

the favouring south-wind—here he held, for seven days, sweet communion with the saints—this very spot was witness to his preaching, to his prayers, and to his offering up the sacrifice of praise. But the very Time which has transferred *them* into an eternity of bliss, has spread its devastating hand upon all the monuments of human skill, which once adorned this interesting place !

The temple of Sybaris first attracts our notice by the extent of its ruins. A faint idea of its ancient honours may be still collected, on visiting the eight and forty chambers which surrounded its lofty shrine ; that shrine was supported on as many columns, some of which still show the character of their original adornment. Even the face of nature here has undergone a striking change : hills have arisen where all had once been smooth—towns, once on hills, have now their foundations in the deep—and the peasant treads upon the seats of Roman pride, or supports, with the stranger who visits them, a petty traffic for the fragments of their ruin.

Here is the lake Averno—there is the grotto of the Sybil ; passing through a narrow pathway, formed by the continual step of intellectual curiosity, we arrive at the temple of Apollo,

and at length we gain the spot where Æneas is represented, by his poetical biographer, to have drawn aside the veil which hangs across futurity. Provided with flambeaus we penetrated the dark chamber; but it was on the shoulders of hardy peasants who secured us from the waters through which they had to wade. These subterranean apartments, the abode of darkness (only when our advancing flambeaus chased it before us) vividly recall the descriptive imagery of Virgil, and the mythological story of the realms of Pluto. An imagination like his, in visiting such a place, might naturally attribute to its silence and its solemnity, the influence he describes. At the further extremity of this recess, the elaborate workmanship on the ceiling makes it likely, that a cavern, formed by the hand of Nature, was selected as a convenient abode of superstition, and adorned with the sedulous touch of art.

Beyond the lake Averno is Baiæ, the favourite abode of Horace; and interspersed amid hills and dales, are the vestiges of temples once frequented by their benighted votaries. The Elysian plains are still delightful, as well by the richness of the soil, as the beauty of the situation. The baths of Nero are supplied from a boiling spring, in which eggs were dressed for

us by our trusty guide ; and our rural repast was completed near the temple of Diana and the tomb of Agrippina, with a little of the Falernian wine, which is just as refreshing to the tired traveller, as to the taste of Horace. The echo in the temple of Mercury, carries a whisper at the wall of one side, to the ear of a person at the opposite, although quite unperceived by a third who stands between them. The Piscina Admirabile, for its spaciousness, deserves the epithet, and the Cente Camerelle of Nero form a prodigious pile.

Here again is the spot where the favourite poets of Augustus presented to their patron the fruits of a fertile imagination ; here did he sit, as he was wont to say, between the tears of the one and the sighs of the other ; but there (as the eye is turned to the arm of the sea which encroaches upon the land) we behold those huge fragments which rise above its level, presenting a sad picture of the folly which marked succeeding days. These ruins in the water, stand the monuments of Atheistical insanity.—Here did the miserable Caligula try to emulate the pompous imbecility of Xerxes, and subjugate the waves.

A time there was when this interesting land was adorned by the wealth, and panegyricized by

the genius of its inhabitants ; when it lit up the fancy of these poets, who, in the brilliancy of description, have transmitted the very picture of it to posterity ; when the riches of art seemed to vie with the beauties of nature. But an apostle also, on a time passed this way—and with an unconcern, almost prophetic of its doom, passed them as the fading monuments of time, although he landed on these shores in the height of their magnificence. He saw already that vanity which is stamped upon the works of man, for he heard it by the lips of the Almighty pronounced upon the works of nature. Fixing then his eye upon prospects which cannot change with the vicissitudes of time—objects as glorious in their kind, as they are infinite in their duration, he hastened on as the ambassador of Jesus, to unfurl the standard of the Cross in the metropolis of the world. Indeed, my friend, the awful reality of so much ruin spread around, if possible, must enhance the value of his glorious message ; of which the object was to proclaim the boon of an unfading eternity through a Redeemer's blood ; that we may be interested in its atoning efficacy, is the sincere desire of

Your's, &c.

## LETTER XXXI.

Naples.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN a country like this which abounds with such fine specimens of ancient and modern art, the national museum must be an interesting object: amid a vast assemblage of all that is rare in statuary we notice the Farnese Hercules, which is Strength personified—Flora seems to breathe a freshness upon the flowers which she scatters from her hand—Aristides is in the very act of conversing with a friend; here is a colossal head of a horse by Phidias, and three equestrian statues of the family of Balbi, which were found amid the ruins of Herculaneum. The collection of Etrurian Vases is very extensive, but their similarity satiates an appetite rendered, perhaps, too fastidious by so many varieties of invention and taste. The collection, however, of the manuscripts, discovered in Herculaneum, are particularly worthy of examination: they appear at first like blocks of wood which had been reduced to charcoal; but by means of a process, which required the utmost patience and precision, they are gradually unfolded piece by piece, and cemented to the small threads of a

machine which is constructed for the purpose. Several must be employed in the various departments of the work; some in unrolling, others in affixing them in their proper order; the more skilful are occupied in decyphering what is done—engravers take fac-similes of the work—and the Learned translate, or supply the more injured parts, by words, as near as possible to probability, adapted to the sense. The expectations of the friends of literature are not gratified as yet in the discovery of the long-desired works which have been lost; these MSS. are for the most part in Greek; and at the period of my visit a considerable time had been spent over a long treatise on ancient music.

The Chartreuse, which overlooks the city of Naples, must be visited by the sojourner here; whatever the ostentation or mendicant spirit of its inmates could procure, to render it a magnificent retreat for them, is to be here found. A stranger is led to admire the figures of all the prophets by Spagnioletto, in each of which the sublime and heavenly expression is produced on the features, corresponding, as far as may be, with the peculiar character of their writings; the expulsion of Heliodorus too, from the temple of Jerusalem, by the masterly hand of Solimenes, is a principal ornament to its walls; but its chief merit is the

bold scenery which presents itself from the windows, well calculated, by the love of freedom it inspires, either to promote the self-denial, or to tantalize these feelings, which, as men, the monks must find within their breasts.

The royal palace of Caserta is one of the most magnificent which the sovereign of Naples possesses. The country leading to it, is rich in all the luxuries of life ; but the observation of our poet is still too plainly realized with respect to its inhabitants, “ that man is the only growth which dwindles here ;” for he seems scarcely conscious of the blessings with which he is surrounded. A fine aqueduct conducts a stream of water to the palace from hill to hill, and is justly regarded as superior to any similar work which the ancients have left behind : three rows of arches rise one above the other, the highest of which consists of forty-three, and one runs transversely through the entire range. The undertaking is costly and magnificent, but the end could have been attained by the modern application of science, in a far more expeditious way. There seems, however, that want of enterprize which must sometime deviate from the beaten track ; and many a useful hint is thrown away, merely because it recommends what happened to be unknown to our fathers who went

before us. The palace is remarkable for its size, and the grandeur of its construction; but at present destitute of furniture: the halls are incrustcd with marble; in the veins of which are to be seen some figures, naturally depicted. When the full enjoyment of the blessings of peace, and the firm re-establishment of the sovereign on his throne, shall enable him to visit this magnificent abode, its spaciousness, and its sequestration, will enable him to collect his own resources, and to unbend from the cares and anxieties of a crown.

The Neapolitan character is generally known; and my stay among the people was so limited, that I am unable to give a more favourable impression than that which, from report, you have already received. A bountiful hand has lavished o'er the country all that could gratify the most fastidious desires; but some baleful influence has changed the blessing into a curse; and in proportion as the wants of nature are supplied, the mental energies seem to be relaxed. In a climate, demanding a less supply of food, and a lighter degree of clothing; where their wants need not be many, and where the means of relief are so great; yet, notwithstanding, Virtue is sacrificed to the cravings of avarice, and the talent which is natural to them as a people is

fumed away in the invention of subtle devices, to gratify this their predominant passion. Gaming is prevalent amongst all classes of society; and is carried on under every shape. As literature seems rather to belong to a distinct profession, than to be regarded as the necessary ornament of every gentleman, it is rarely met with among those, whose rank and fortune allow them to dispense with it; and some of the noblesse, whose chief ambition is to appear in the promenade after their evening *siesta*, were represented to me, to be as uninstructed as the lackeys which run before their coach. The streets are crowded with people to excess, and stuffed with the tables and stands of those, who retail to them fruits and shell-fish; the macaroni, in all directions, invites the hungry; the lemonade is continually pouring forth to refresh the thirsty: you, therefore, see much bustle without business, much poverty amid great plenty, and in the land of harmony perpetual contentions. The number of priests is ineffectual to restrain the gross immorality of the people, and the military along the roads are unable to secure the traveller from the banditti which infest them.—But here let me draw the veil. It is not pleasant to dwell upon a subject, the details of which would be too much calculated, by the

very recital, to offend the imagination. I return to Rome, and hope to proceed from that to Venice.

Farewell, &c.

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## LETTER XXXII.

Rome.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NOTWITHSTANDING the several attractions which are presented by the environs and the city of Naples, my parting view of it was not the least agreeable sensation it gave me. Returning once more to Rome, it was delightful to remember, that every time the wheels of our carriage revolved, they were gradually bringing me nearer and nearer to my friends, and much-loved home. If to visit Naples was worth so great a risk, as that of passing through a country beset with highway-men, it were worth exposure to a double danger, when that road presents before us the prospect of our native shores.

The country near the Pontine marshes, is not only infested by banditti, but, at this season of the year, by the noxious atmosphere called *malaria*. We employed some guards to escort us

through the most suspected parts of the way; and one of my fellow-travellers proposed to beguile the tediousness of the journey by conversation, and to employ every effort to remove the drowsiness which is engendered by the air, and which, if once indulged, is attended with the most fatal results. His pleasing remarks had the desired effect; but it would be a mark of ingratitude, were I to pass unnoticed, the exhilaration which was produced, by some little intruders, which had been hidden in the straw of an old Church, whither we had fled from the heat of the sun, and the uncleanness of the inn: lethargy vanished away, and though we endeavoured to get rid of our troublesome guests, yet, for the first time, they proved to us most friendly.

My stay in Rome shall be now very limited; merely to survey a few other monuments, which have not been noticed, and to ascertain the justness of a few ideas, which have strongly presented themselves to my mind. We entered the city about two o'clock, in the month of July, and the streets were entirely deserted; all was silent; as though death had swept away its inhabitants with a sudden pestilential blast. As the heat decreased, and the cool breath of evening diffused its freshness upon the city, all came forth again to enjoy it.

The *malaria*, which we so much dreaded in the Pontine marshes, has already invaded Rome; its increase is gradual; year by year occupying a still wider range, and assuming a more deadly character. During its prevalence, the Pope is forced to abandon the Vatican, which stands near the river, and obliged to retreat from the invading power to his palace on mount Quirinal, where a purer atmosphere is inhaled. If this fatal effluvia increases, in the ratio it now does, for the period of half a century, it may finally render this magnificent city unfitted for the habitation of our species; and the metropolis of papal power may ultimately be deserted, by reason of a dispensation which evidently does not originate in man. How solemn the anticipation! if so be, this stately city on her seven hills, should at length stand only as the monument of her own desolation.

The pyramid of Caius Cestus is a very fine imitation of the Egyptian monuments. In the field where the memorial of this heathen stands, the remains of our heretical countrymen, who die at Rome, are deposited. Denied the privilege of a burial-place in catholic cemeteries, the ashes of the protestant are suffered to mingle, by a special indulgence, (under present circumstances,) with the dust of the pagan.—Yet, even

here, the inhospitable foot of some cold-hearted bigot has prostrated the simple honours which the hand of piety or affection had reared to the memory of friends who died in a distant clime. A tear involuntarily falls upon the scattered tomb-stones, on which time had scarcely wiped away the dust of its recently-carved inscription. The proud temples of the city lift up their aspiring heads ; nor should we envy them their ostentatious elevation ; but the ashes of a stranger—of a professing follower of Jesus—of a man—might at least be entitled, in their inoffensive and melancholy dissolution, to the benefits of repose.

Unwilling, under such reflections, to return immediately to the city, I passed through the gate near which the pyramid stands ; it led me to a small, yet interesting shrine ; erected on the spot where, it is supposed that, the apostles Paul and Peter, about to be separated from one another, took that last affectionate leave, which is expressed in the bass relief upon the front. Such a spot, even if the subject be but the offspring of imagination, awakened a delightful train of congenial sentiment ; it brought me back to that golden age, when a pure and heavenly charity first descended amongst the children of men ; when the “ unity of the spirit ” was

cemented by the “bond of peace;” when Christian love, unfettered by the petty distinctions of a party-spirit, enlarged itself to all, and encompassed the nations of the earth in its mild embrace.

Farther on, is the great Basilica, or Cathedral of St. Paul, which is richly adorned in the interior with marble columns; but is subject to the inundations of the Tiber, when it overflows its banks.—It associates with it a name, which must give it an interest in the Christian heart: how truly grateful would we feel, in viewing this interesting pile, if the same spirit which influenced St. Paul, \* “who was not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles,” was now the directing motive of a people, who can erect such temples to his name.—Then would the apostolic Scriptures be received as the rule of faith; then would the spiritual temple of Christ’s church be edified and adorned with every grace; while it would be found resting upon the † one foundation, than which none other can be laid; even on Christ Jesus, the rock of ages.

Being on the eve of departing, perhaps for the last time, from Rome, I took a parting view of every spot which before had gratified my curiosity, or administered to the sweets of medi-

\* Vide 2 Cor. xi. 5.

† Vide 1 Cor. iii. 11.

tation, and such other places as had only received a cursory examination. The baths of Titus furnished Raphael with the design of these graceful arabesks on which he made improvements so extensive as to secure for him all the merit of originality. Here the group of Laocoon, his sons, and the serpents stood ; and the chamber, in which the emperor was used to bathe, is easily discovered by its fragments, which prove it to have been once both suitable and splendid : it is constructed for coolness in an atmosphere so heated ; and even still the air refreshingly circulates through its extensive galleries. An inscription, indented on its walls by an ancient hand, gravely denounces the man, who would offend against the neatness and order of a place distinguished by the imperial presence ; the precautionary advertisement is very pointedly expressed, and remains a specimen of Roman wit. Not far from this are the Sette Sale which were the reservoirs to supply the baths with water.

These works, erected in the days of Titus, were constructed on a plan, and with materials so durable, that the barbarous invaders of Rome, after employing the usual efforts of external violence to destroy them, but in vain—were obliged to have recourse to the awkward,

though effectual expedient, of breaking through the roof and filling the interior with all the rubbish they could collect above. It will afford an interesting subject for conjecture, to take a view of these monuments of imperial luxury, which are now lying waste in silent decay, as having been originally raised upon the ruins and with the riches of the Jewish temple. Titus, with his Roman legion, fulfilled the divine prediction of Jesus, as to the fate of Jerusalem ;—his were the \*eagles which gathered round the carcase, for the life was gone when Messiah was rejected.—The memorial of that conquest at this moment stands in Rome, and the Arch of Titus is one of its most perfect relicks ; on it, in bass-relief, we see the triumphal procession which took place in consequence of this event : the High-Priest and Levites are in chains—the insignia of Jewish worship, especially the golden candlestick with its seven branches, are borne along by the imperial guards. What a glorious testimony this of the truth of Jesus and of the power of God !—Here, with naked eye, you behold the undeniable evidence of a fact ; that Jerusalem was captured and its temple destroyed. Every incident of that event as recorded by Josephus, who was a Jew, serving

\* Luke xvii. 37.

under the Emperor at the very time, accords with the representation here exhibited on the arch, and with the prophecies of Christ, so fully detailing them in his Word. So that Jew and Gentile even in their very hostility to the Gospel, are constrained, by the wondrous chain of Providence, to bear testimony to its truth.

From that period of desolation, (of which this monument is the memorial,) to the present day, are the Jews a scattered people; and while they unsuspectedly bear in their hands the prophetic records, which testify that Jesus was the Christ, their own condition is another record that the spirit of prophecy dwelt in him. Who but God can control Providence, and cause events to harmonize in the fulfilment of a prediction?—And who but God can unveil futurity to our view? Well may we fall at the feet of Jesus, under the convictions which such circumstances as these create, and cry, as did the satisfied apostle, “My Lord and my God.” Here too we can clearly discern the hand of a controlling Providence, who can effect his own measures by whatever instrument it pleases him to appoint; employing oftentimes his enemies to accomplish his ends; so that while they only consult how to profane his worship, he lays on them a necessity to execute his will.

I shall leave you, my friend, to pursue and to improve upon these reflections; as I am preparing to return to my dear home and my native land, where, if the recollection of past ages is not conveyed by so many interesting monuments as here, the possession of present blessings and future hope, far more than outweighs their loss.

Your's, &c.

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### LETTER XXXIII.

Venice.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY delay at Rome was chiefly occasioned by the necessity of waiting, to join several companies of travellers, that we might mutually protect ourselves, by so formidable an appearance, from the banditti which infest the Campagna of Rome. The immediate environs of the city are for many miles in a state of absolute desertion, so that no external variety presented itself until we arrived at Terni.

Desirous of visiting the famous cascade, I traversed a wood of olives along the foaming Velino, and before the setting of the sun reached what is called the Cascada di Marmore. It is

one of the finest objects of nature I have yet seen. The Velino precipitates itself from a mountain to the depth of about nine hundred feet ; its fall is twice broken by projecting rocks, but it collects again its force, bounds with gigantic strides to its channel on the plain, while the echo of its fall is reverberated by the chain of surrounding hills. A misty cloud ascends from below, to the height from which it falls ; and the rays of the sun, intercepted and refracted by its density, enrich its summit with a crown of variegated glory. The scenery around corresponds with the grandeur of such an object : mountains covered with a deep verdure—the rapid stream rushing through the orangeries in the vale below—above is seen the azure beauty of an Italian sky—all around is silent, save the roaring of the waterfall, while the absence of every human habitation marks this spot as one of the most sublime retreats of undisturbed Nature.

Several other scenes, in the way to Loretto, across the Appennines, might justly arrest our notice ; but however interesting to the traveller, they could give little additional satisfaction to the imagination of one, who can at all times, in his own land, enjoy the richest varieties of mountain, wood, and water. We reach the

Casa Santa of Loretto, once the depository of all that wealth which the credulous votaries of papal imposition could amass ; but only now adorned with whatever riches the hand of desolation was unable to remove. The legend informs us, with pompous gravity, that this little chamber, built of unplastered brick, was once the habitation of the Virgin Mary ; that, distinguished by the care of the angelic host, it was transported near the site on which it stands ; that they (injudiciously no doubt) planting it on the joint-inheritance of two brothers, it became, by reason of the wealth which poured in from the devotion of its visitors, an apple of discord between them ; a second interposition, correcting the first mistake, fixes it on its present elevation ; one which commands a noble prospect of the adjoining country and the Adriatic sea. A magnificent church is built around the Santa Casa ; all that superstition could command of the genius and the wealth of Italy was employed to adorn this miserable hut, and the supposed habitation of the Virgin Mary, (which bore no other mark that could accord with the original, but its naked poverty,) was soon enriched by the offerings of kings and emperors, and of all the community of Rome. Since the return of peace, its wealth, which had been stolen and

the celebrity which had been lost, begin to be restored with the restoration of papal authority.

The town of Loretto carries on a very extensive traffic in beads, crucifixes, and such like objects of superstition, which, when blessed by the priest at the shrine of the Virgin, are supposed to retain the most extraordinary virtues. The proximity of this temple seems not however to have a tendency to advance the spiritual and moral improvement of the people. A fellow-traveller very gravely informed me, that even in Italy the immorality of the Loretan character has given rise to a proverb, "*Non si chiamano questo gente Lorettani ma Luterani, sono si cattivi.*" Degraded, indeed, must the Loretans be, when Italians can thus stigmatize them with the appellation of Lutherans—a name, which to Italian ears, conveys every idea which denotes the most contemptuous disrespect.

Along the eastern coast of Italy there is great intercourse between the people and the present inhabitants of Greece. At Ancona the Grecians and Turks walk about the streets in full costume. At Sinigaglia we passed through the great annual fair which lasts for some weeks, and attracts the foreign merchants of many nations; the streets were filled with temporary shops. The other towns along the coast seem

rich, and the surrounding country fertile. The Rubicon, like other streams of Italy, though rapid and full in winter, when the rains descend from the hills, was dried up when we passed, and nothing very interesting occurred as an inducement to delay ; so that, proceeding from Bologna, through a fertile plain to Ferrara, (once the seat of ducal power, but now only retaining its antique palaces,) I hired a boat at the Ponte del Po, to convey me to Venice.

The river Po passes through a flat and uninteresting country ; I therefore proceeded on by night ; a very comfortable bed being provided in the boat. On we rowed, the sailors harmonizing the stillness of the night by the finest notes of natural melody ; they sang in parts, and as we passed the boats, which lay by till the morning-light on the river's side, we heard from all, the same richness of tone, and the same variety of cadence. At sun-rise we entered what are called the Lagune ; and a more magnificent prospect than at that time presented itself, cannot well be conceived : the dome of St. Mark and the spires of this celebrated city, (emerging, as it does, from the bosom of the deep,) were all glittering in the rays of the mornin-sun. At length, having passed along several small islands, on some of which are seen the

works of Palladio, so famed for architecture, we arrive and land at the Piazza di St. Marco, amid the numerous gondolas which carry to and fro their well-dressed companies.

Venice, being now but an appendage to a mighty empire, has lost the splendour of its former independence, and the pride of its maritime greatness. The reality of her ancient glory has been sunk in the Austrian embrace; but the traces of it are marked with indelible characters on the proud monuments of her brighter days. The city is seated on about seventy islets intersected with canals, by which the inhabitants are borne in their gondolas from place to place; there are, however, narrow foot-paths through the city, and some handsome piazzze.

The square in which the cathedral of St. Mark stands is the most extensive, and comprises many objects interesting to the traveller. The cathedral itself claims our first regard: the eye is attracted at once by so great a multitude of pillars, and all composed of the most costly marble; the number is such that they are usually described as the forest of columns, and among them we find the genuine porphyry and the verde antico in pillars of different dimensions. Over the great entrance of the church are replaced the four celebrated Venetian horses which

Napoleon had carried off to grace the chariot of Victory, which stood upon the arch of triumph in the Thuilleries at Paris. They are here elevated once more to their original place ; but are encircled with an inscription, which attributes their restoration to the arms of the victorious Cæsar. The interior of the building is dark and solemn ; the floor consists of a fanciful arrangement of coloured marbles, and instead of being even and horizontal, is undulating, like the waves of the sea. The parts of this floor resting upon the wooden piles, (which were necessarily laid, to ensure the foundation,) may have remained upheld ; while the other parts, (exposed to the undermining influence of the sea) may have gradually become depressed ; but the Venetians assure us, that such a construction was not the effect of accident, but of design, in order, that every object should be associated with their views and feelings as a maritime people. The altar is adorned with columns of transparent alabaster, which had been brought from Constantinople ; and the great doors in bronze, in which fine bass relief work in silver, had been inserted, are disfigured by the hand of the avaricious invaders, who, for the sake of the silver, cut the workmanship away.

The Campidolio, or great tower of St. Mark,

is not connected with the body of the Cathedral, but is situated on the opposite side of the square; it is very easy of ascent, although the highest, perhaps, in Italy. In addition to the sensations which are felt, in viewing from so great an elevation, this grand expanse of ocean—that extensive range of Alpine heights—the beautiful country lying at their base, and all the monuments of Venetian grandeur spread around—the mind is peculiarly delighted, while the eye is turned to the east, and takes in the prospect of the mountains of Dalmatia, just discernible in the distant horizon.—Even this glimpse of a Grecian province serves to awaken some pleasing recollections; and already has imagination gone forth half way to explore it.

The old palace of the Doge adjoins the square of St. Mark; it has lost its chief ornament—that independence which once reigned within its walls: the chambers, when I saw it, were deserted; nothing existed to remind us of what Venice once had been, but the paintings which adorn it; by which her celebrated artists have left to posterity some of the particulars of her interesting history. The incidents connected with the times of the Crusades are finely represented by Tintoretto, Titian, and Paolo Veronese. In the library are some admirable speci-

mens of statuary ; among which are to be seen some works of Phidias. The silence of desolation was reigning through this venerable mansion ; where the counsels of an enterprising people once gave laws to many a tributary state.

The remainder of the Piazza, consists of the imperial residence, the richly-adorned coffee-houses, and the buildings occupied by merchants. At evening the Venetians still retain something of the habits by which once they were distinguished.

I shall take another opportunity of giving you farther accounts of this very interesting place, in the mean time receive the assurances of

Your's, &c.

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## LETTER XXXIV.

Milan.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHALL not impose on your patience a prolix description of the several costly churches which adorn the city of Venice ; all rich in their peculiar ornaments. In some, the interior has the appearance of being hung with chintz, of a shewy pattern ; when, in reality, the walls are

adorned with the tasteful arrangement of different-coloured marbles : the fringes by which it is bordered, and the carpeting on the floor, are imitated in the same valuable materials. Another church, is the burial place of Titian ; which is only distinguished by this simple inscription, upon a single flag in the aisle :

Qui giace il gran Tiziano di Vercelli  
Emulator di Zeuzi et degli Apelli.

The Venetians intend the simplicity of this memorial as the mark of their highest eulogy ; they tell you it would be needless to rear a monument to that name, which is fixed upon the pinnacle of Fame, in the centre of the world.

Venice is enriched with many splendid collections of paintings.—Perhaps you are sated with the former descriptions of those numerous and interesting exhibitions in Rome and Florence ; permit me however, to introduce you to one, in the palace Manfrini, which no admirer of the fine arts can pass unnoticed. Thirteen chambers contain specimens by all the great masters of Italy. The Magdalen of Guido vies in interest with that by the pencil of Corregge ; the penitence of the one, with the intellectual sensibility characterized in the countenance of the other. While we survey the Prodigal, em-

braced by a forgiving parent, as represented by Guercino, how does the heart melt, when we personally feel, that the arms of Mercy are outstretched to embrace ourselves ! Raphael, with touching faithfulness, represents the Saviour taken down from the cross, by the affectionate sedulousness of Joseph and Nicodemus ; and Titian, among his numerous productions, conveys before our eyes the agonies of death, as exhibited in union with the beauty of Cleopatra and the virtue of Lucretia. The deluge is by Raphael. “ Truth unveiled by Time,” is the work of Tintoretto. Even still, the pleasing impressions remain, which they had left upon my mind.

On the island St. George, is a church, designed by the celebrated Palladio, and the Riduttore, which belongs to the Carthusian monks, is finished by the same architect, with a degree of care which gives additional proof of the veneration, in which he held the religious order, for which it was designed. A large canal runs through the city ; over which, the celebrated Rialto, a bridge of a single arch, is thrown. In the shops built upon it, may be seen the Venetian chains of gold, the links of which, are so attenuated as to afflict the artisans with diseases in the eye. In this part of the city were the

public offices of former days, and the ancient palace of the Doge, which still remain, but greatly injured by the effects of time. Indeed the whole character of the city must have undergone a material change. From its present political circumstances, it can no longer display the state and the opulence of an independent metropolis: the nobility no longer outvie each other in the beauty of their gondolas, and the magnificence of their palaces; the vivacity of the people is impaired; and even the celebration of the Carnival, which at Venice was so distinguished, partakes not (I have been told) of its ancient splendour.

Leaving this interesting city, I entered a sort of packet, called the *Corriere di Brenta*, in the evening, and sailing along the river from which it takes its name, I arrived at Padoua the following day.

The traveller who on his first entrance into Italy crosses the plains of Lombardy, as his way to Venice, must needs be surprized by the succession of fine cities along his route; which exhibit the riches of the country and the genius of the people he is about to visit. He will love to prolong the pleasures of a journey, where the fertility of those plains which lie along the foot of the Alps, and where objects, the most interesting

which art can produce, are, at every step he takes, pressing upon his notice, and demanding his admiration. But the traveller, whose curiosity has been more than gratified with the wonders of Florence, Rome, and Naples, is induced to pass on, satisfied with a transient regard to objects, which, under other circumstances, would deserve a more minute examination.

The works of Palladio, as they cannot be transferred, give a peculiar interest to Vicenza; where he employed his great talent for Architecture in constructing the palaces of the Venetian nobility. His taste was Grecian yet original; and he excelled in the beauty of his designs and the exactness of his proportions.

Verona is a fine city; its antiquity is attested by the remains of its capacious amphitheatre; on which Ruin has not stamped the same marks of desolation, as are generally imprinted on similar monuments of ancient times. The mausola of the two Scalagers are fantastic works after the Gothic taste, as are several other buildings of this city. Michael St. Michael, an eminent architect, has however left in this place some distinguished specimens of his ability.

The ride from Verona to Brescia is through a most rich, and for the most part, romantic country.

We pass the banks of the lake Garda which is encircled by the Alps—is varied with the softest hues; gradually unfolding themselves from the deep shade upon the waters, to the azure paleness of the distant hills; and this loses itself in the still more palid whiteness of the clouds, that hang upon them. Here you see humble villages upon its banks, boldly advancing hills, and deep receding vallies; there you discover scenes of smiling verdure, or rocks jutting forth in barren grandeur. The Brescian territory is highly cultivated; its fields are irrigated by canals which intersect the country; and on approaching the town at evening it was gratifying to see so many groups of well-dressed, happy-looking peasantry returning from their work with cheerful songs, and apparently joyful hearts.

As I wrote before from Milan, I shall wait until my arrival again at Lausanne, (if it be the will of God I reach it in safety,) in order to convey to you any new impressions which I may receive on the way.

Your's, &c.

## LETTER XXXV.

Lausanne.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The road from Milan to this city is one of the most celebrated works of Napoleon. By means of the passage across the Alps, by way of the Simplon, his intention was to unite together his trans-alpine dominions, and nothing has been left untried to surpass every ancient work of this description. Having left Milan near an unfinished triumphal arch which was intended by Napoleon as a termination to the Simplon, we cross the Tesino on a floating-bridge, admiring the fair country along its banks, as far as that, where it makes its exit from the lake Maggiore.

Near Arona, (which lies upon the side of that beautiful lake,) is the colossal statue of St. Carlo Boromeo; raised, as it were, above the world, he is in the attitude of regarding a country which he once blessed by his acts of mercy and munificence. Nor does the sublime scenery around ill-accord with the sentiments which such a recollection creates; the characters of divine beneficence are strongly marked upon its features, leading our hearts to Him "from whom

every good and perfect work proceeds." The islets of the lake Maggiore are beautiful beyond description. On the Isola Bella the Boromean family have raised their marble palaces amid cottages the most picturesque; on which the proprietor, in the spirit of Carlo, seems to have diffused a smile of happiness and peace. In this most beautiful retirement, there is a striking contrast between the richly-cultured gardens of Belgirata, and the sublime anarchy of the Alpine heights; here do they first present to us their menacing array.

We now cast a last look upon the richness of the cultivation which slopes to the very edge of the unruffled lake—we bid adieu to the blooming gardens with which its waters are encompassed, and now we plunge amid that wilderness of mountain-heights which lead us to the Simplon.

The road we pass along is worthy of peculiar observation: it is one, on which the greatest genius was exerted in the design, and the greatest labour expended in the execution; formed from the materials of the adjacent rocks, it may be regarded as a bold attempt to represent Art triumphant over Nature.—Italy and France are to be united—the interjacent mountains seem to present an insuperable barrier to the design; but no difficulties can damp the ardour of the

man, who is resolved to connect the iron crown of Italy with the imperial diadem of France. If the gushing torrent stands between, he throws across it a graceful arch and passes on ; if his progress is impeded by the projecting rock, he either commands it down from its towering eminence, or penetrates through its rigid side ; while from the flanks of the marble mountain must the pillars be extracted, beneath which the sovereign is to pass in triumph. A journey along this stupendous road, would convince the mind, that the existence of such feelings as these, in the projection of it, was more than imaginary. Where the precipice might endanger the safety of the traveller, the road is secured by small granite columns, about three feet in height, and at small intervals from one another. Where all is wildness itself, the most light and elegant bridges are built across the impetuous flood, that dashes over obstructing rocks. In this place, the edge of a mountain is cut down, to form a sort of hanging-shelf on which the road is made, or in that, the huge mass is perforated quite through the solid rock.

Great was the expenditure of labour upon a work so gigantic ; yet many circumstances lead us to conclude, that its fate is now involved in that of its unfortunate projector. The separation of France and Italy has superseded the necessity

to which it owes its origin. His Sardinian Majesty, on the borders of whose dominions it now runs, has an interest (and one which his own inactivity would promote) to neglect a pass, which, if much frequented, would draw off from his own capital of Turin, not only the advantages of trade, but the lucrative intercourse of strangers; who, while such a road existed, would prefer to contemplate its combined excellencies—of sublime art and sublime nature. Thus is vanity stamped upon all the projects of earthly ambition, however seemingly successful for a time; and not only vanity, but here we see the short-sightedness of man, and the deep designs of God; the very road which led Napoleon as a conqueror into Italy, gave a passage to the enemies of his usurpation, back again into France. And here we behold the half-finished columns for his triumphal arch, lying buried amid the rubbish of the quarries, from whence they were originally hewn; in some places enormous fragments from the heights have given way and nearly blocked the road, which, by tampering with their basements, partly tended to undermine them; the passage of the Simplon too, is, from time to time, obstructed by the lapse of the snowy avalanche.

Such are the general observations which a review of the whole way brought into my mind;

but you will follow me step by step through the details of this interesting route. Although it was early in the month of August the blazing hearth at Domo Dossola was not unwelcome. Passing the bridge of Crevola the scenery is truly magnificent; numerous cascades roll from the heights, and the motion and the sound, give an appearance of animation to all around; one gently steals along the sloping side of a mountain, another bounds from one projecting rock to another, while a third plunges headlong from the pinnacle above, quite to the depth below. The morning-sun awakens the clouds which have reposed upon the mountain-tops; it attracts them, towards his rays, with a waving movement along the heights; it gilds the green summits of the distant hills, and enriches the cascades with variegated hues.

The humble village of Dovredo is seated under impending rocks, and leans upon the brink of a very impetuous torrent, to which it lends its name. Here the eye is refreshed on the one hand, with the green vines which spread along the cottage-walls, while on the other, a half-melted avalanche of snow, having drifted from the ledge on which it lay, hangs like a bridge upon the waters, which, impatient of restraint, forced their passage through. At Isola we bid farewell to Italy,

and touching the borders of the German dominions we proceed into the Valais. The old castle of Stopholker amid such wild prospects, with its small grated windows, would serve as the seat of some romantic tale; but our kind host removed every gloomy impression by his gentle manners, his friendly welcome, and his timely repast of goats'-milk and eggs. The gallery of Gondo, entirely perforated through the solid rock, is six hundred and eighty feet in length, and the sensation we naturally feel in penetrating such a cavern, is heightened by the peculiar boldness of the mountains at its entrance, and the echo of the waterfalls around. An *Hospice* is also built upon the top of this mountain; which single habitation seems rather to add to the solitude of such a scene; the rhododendron, or mountain-rose, which flourishes in the coldest regions, overspreads the surrounding heights. We at length gain the summit; the scene changes in an instant—the mountains look more verdant—the Rhone issues from its source, and hurries its rapid way towards the lake of Geneva—we roll rapidly down the hill and soon descend to the villages of Brigg and Gleiss, rejoicing once more to behold the comfortable habitations of men. All here is simple nature; on the mountain-tops,

the cattle nearly upright, graze the verdant patches, which industry has snatched from the hand of barrenness, and they shelter in the folds constructed of the timber, which is borne from above by the winter-torrent. At Siene many of the inhabitants are afflicted with idiotism and the goitre. Sion, the capital of the Valais, is strongly surrounded with the rude, though impregnable fortresses of nature. The peasantry are blooming, and the costume of the women simple and picturesque. In the neighbourhood of this place are various species of chrystalizations to be found. Crossing the bridge St. Maurice we enter the Pays de Vaud, the superior beauty and cultivation of which, call to mind the similar scenes of rural elegance, which so often we have admired in our native-land. The situation of the village of Bex is truly delightful: on the one side you have a glimpse of the lake of Geneva, with the numerous villages on its banks; you see Chamouni cap'd with snow, where a perpetual winter reigns. We soon quit the Alps, reach the lake at Villeneuve, wind round its extremity amid vineyards and smiling villages, stop at the very beautiful town of Vevay, and were shortly welcomed at Lausanne.

Henceforth do I look forward to my native-country, grateful for all the blessings of civil and

religious liberty with which a gracious God has endowed it! When backward I turn my eye to the lands through which his Providence has brought me, much do I see in nature—much do I see in art to win my admiration ; but it casts a cloud upon the retrospect, when, amid his gifts, we see the Giver disregarded, and when the very monuments we admire, are a shroud which obscures the brightness of Revelation ; when the works of man are found to intercept “the praise which belongeth unto God,” and the Revelation of God is superseded and set at nought, to give place to the commands and the traditions of men.

Man, when he rejects the Bible, presents a showy round of ostentatious rites ; God seeks only those to worship him, “who worship him in spirit and in truth.” Man, a fallen sinner, if only taught by his fellow-man, seeks by his own device to merit his salvation ; but taught by God, he looks to Jesus, as “the only name under heaven, given amongst men, whereby he may be saved.

When, like the builders of Babel, we would scale the heavens by our own might, confusion is the consequence. But the oracles of God point out to Christ as the precious corner-stone, and seals on it the promise, “that whosoever believeth on him shall never be confounded.” This Baby-

lon,\* or Babel, is still upon her seven hills, ruling her ten kingdoms; she is arrayed in the brilliant scarlet and the glittering gold—her ornaments are from earth and her power is from beneath; while the Church of Christ, clothed with the sun, and crowned with the stars, has *her* honours from above and treads upon every sublunary good, for “the moon is beneath her feet.”†

A perversion of religion throughout these lands, has produced a universal disregard to its precepts; external penance is substituted for internal reformation; and a prescribed routine of bodily service passes for the all-essential work of spiritual regeneration. Hence religion is made compatible with sin itself; and while, like the statuary which adorns its cathedrals, it in some measure, wears the semblance: it wants that life which could give the moral movement, and bears on it all the characters of spiritual death.

Let England prize her privileges; she unrolls the volume of the Book in which the dictates of heaven are inscribed; she has escaped the tyranny of ecclesiastical despotism, retaining in the manifold institutions of Protestantism whatever is authorized by the Word of God, or not inconsistent with the spirit of its commands; let

\* Rev. xvii. 3, 9.

† Rev. xii. 1.

her hold fast what a benign Providence has put into her hands, and beware of being duped by any system, which would tend to aggrandize itself upon the ruin of our constitutional and religious rights !

FINIS.

the world has what a lesson it has  
into her hands, and how of being  
not a part, which would lead to a more  
upon the mind of our countrymen, and the

right of the people to be

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# ERRATA.

| <i>Page.</i> | <i>Line.</i>           |                  |
|--------------|------------------------|------------------|
| 28,          | 15, <i>for</i> Stairs, | read Stair-case. |
| 30,          | 15, — agreeable,       | — agreeable.     |
| 40,          | 13, — tranquility,     | — tranquillity.  |
| 46,          | 16, — conveniences,    | — conveniencies. |
| 59,          | 3, — vestage,          | — vestige.       |
| 64,          | 17, — moulding,        | — mouldering.    |
| 68,          | 11, — tenaceous,       | — tenacious.     |
| 75,          | 12, — him,             | — them.          |
| 105,         | 13, — Apenines,        | — Apennines.     |
| 123,         | 23, — Pernassus,       | — Parnassus.     |
| 128,         | 4, — hyppodrame,       | — hippodrome.    |
| 141,         | 9, — hippodrame,       | — hippodrome.    |
| 145,         | 12, — wishful          | — wistful.       |





